

THE NEWS-BULLETIN

Vol. 2 No. 29

Mekena, Illinois, February 18, 1921

\$2 per year

EXAMINATION WILL BE HELD FOR R. D. VACANCY AT TINLEY

TINLEY PARK

Route 3 running out of the Tinley Park post office is minus a carrier and a civil service examination will be held on March 12th, 1921, to fill this vacancy. In addition to the vacancy at Tinley Park, there are vacancies which are to be filled on routes running out of Glenview, Harvey, Orland, Palatine.

Application blanks can be secured from the local postmaster at any of these places. Postmaster Andres at Tinley Park is ready to furnish the application blanks for Route 3.

The salary of a rural carrier on a standard daily route of 24 miles is \$1,800 per annum, with an additional \$30 per mile per annum for each mile or major fraction thereof in excess of 24 miles. The examination will be open only to citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. Both men and women, if qualified, may enter this examination, but appointing officers have the legal right to specify the sex desired in requesting certification of eligibles. Women will not be considered for rural carrier appointment unless they are widows of U. S. soldiers, sailors, or marines, or the wives of U. S. soldiers, sailors, or marines who are physically disqualified for examination by reason of injuries received in the line of military duty. Form No. 1977 and application blanks may be obtained from the offices mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington, D. C. Applications should be forwarded to the Commission at Washington, D. C., at the earliest practicable date.

BIG PLAY SATURDAY

The much heralded play or rather musical comedy "Savageland," will be presented by the Three Arts Club of Tinley Park, at the Saenger hall, on Saturday night of this week. This musical number is a sure winner and everyone should see it. Bring your friends.

CELEBRATE BANK PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

A large host of friends and bank directors and officials gathered at the home of Fred Henke, president of the Bremen State Bank Saturday night, to celebrate his seventieth birthday. A fine time is reported by all the guests. Mr. Henke is a very active man for his age, and can be seen at the bank every business day. His many friends wish many more such happy occasions for him.

PERSONALS

Mrs. Al Buddenhagen, who has been ill for two weeks, is not much improved.

Herbert Hopman underwent an operation Tuesday for the removal of tonsils and adenoids.

The Bremen State bank remained closed Saturday in observance of Lincoln's birthday.

Born on Sunday to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sippel, a daughter.

Christ Mager, who has been undergoing a siege of smallpox, has recovered and is out of quarantine.

Elmer Joyce, who has been ill and under quarantine, is able to be out, and the quarantine has been raised.

Arthur Keuch, who has been nursing a very painful carbuncle, is improving. Doctor Ickstadt has been the attending physician.

W. L. White of Rockdale, former R. I. agent here, spent Sunday with Tinley Park friends.

TINLEY TO LOSE FACTORY

It is understood that the Tractor factory, located in the old Wash machine building, is about to be sold. The Montana Tractor Co. of Peru, opened the factory here, but never manufactured any tractors. They got a better location in Wisconsin and have taken up the manufacturing of tractors there. The local property is being handled by a Chicago real estate firm, it is understood. This factory building appears to be hoodooed. The airplane business which was located in it died out soon and all other lines of business which have been taken up in it, have ceased to run.

Edgar Werner and his cousin Edward Werner, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting with relatives in Chicago. A fine time was reported.

UNIQUE STRUCTURE FOR "OLD SIWASH"



Real, unadulterated, 99 9-10 per cent pure "democracy" has come into its own in American college life through the completion this month of a unique building for men students at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill. This building—known as "The Lyman K. Seymour Hall"—affords healthful sleeping quarters for more than a hundred, and its spacious and cheery "Commons" feeds all the men of the college. A commodious "lounge" occupies part of the ground floor. A massive fire-place covers nearly one whole end of this club room.

Self-government features the system. The men make their own house regulations and are men strictly on their honor. No "lights out" is prescribed, and the front door hasn't any lock. The refining influence of a good mother is not lacking, for a charming and cultured "House Mother" has a suite of rooms on the first floor. She presides in the dining room and at social functions.

In the "Commons" there is "democracy plus"! Each week every man draws from a hat a number which "shaking up" occurs in this way. The last man to arrive at each table finds the server's place vacant, and must head the table and dispense food and table manners! Men students, working for their board; serve as waiters. When a dance is scheduled the set dining tables disappear into an adjacent room, leaving a large and excellent dance-floor, which may be used for "All-College Parties", or for private affairs. The "Commons" also serves as a moving picture auditorium.

Other features of the building are an absolutely safe rifle range in the basement, a complete infirmary suite, an ultra-modern kitchen presided over by a hotel chef of distinction, meeting rooms for literary societies, and guest rooms for the convenience of relatives and friends.

This unusual building is the gift of Mrs. Lyman K. Seymour of Payson, Ill., in memory of her husband who was a student at Knox college with the Class of 1884. It is fire-proof and cost about \$200,000.

A SUBSCRIBER GIVES VIEWS ON TRADING AT HOME

Mekena, Ill., Feb. 14, 1921.

Editor News-Bulletin:

Dear Sir—I notice in reading your article in last week's Bulletin entitled "What Can Mokena Do?" that you complained of the fact that many local residents are doing their shopping in Chicago instead of patronizing home stores, and, of course, this serious condition applies to Frankfort as well as Mokena.

Now, judging from personal experience in comparison of prices, it occurs to me that our home storekeepers are not fully aware to the fact that owing to the great reductions in price of farm produce and proportionate reduction in the city man's wages, our people can no longer afford to pay the war prices of a year ago. They should at least begin to realize that the farmer in particular has been abruptly converted from a free spender to a bargain hunter.

Upon a recent visit to our county seat I was astonished to note the large number of Frankfort township residents to be seen, most of them loaded with packages. One farmer, pointing to a package under his arm, explained that he had saved just two dollars on one purchase.

A local dealer recently replied to a price protest with the statement that he must hold up his prices so as not to lose money on goods purchased before the decline in prices became popular. Let this same man recall the large profits he realized on his stock of goods purchased before the war raise came. We were then told that he must follow the market. Why not follow the market now?

About two years ago my assistant came home with a pair of suspenders for which he paid 85 cents, and upon examination we found the manufacturer's label guaranteeing them to be "the best 50-cent suspenders on the market." About the same time we found the price mark on a new pair of shoes had been raised three times at more than a dollar a jump.

All well and good, then, but now that the farmers are compelled to stand a great loss on what they have to sell, let the local stores and shops help out by liberal reductions instead of sticking for the high penny and compelling farmer patrons to visit Joliet or Chicago in order to buy within their means. It has been repeatedly urged that the farmers of Frankfort township establish a co-operative store as other communities have done, and unless liberal reductions in price of merchandise, milk-can mending, horse shoeing, etc., appear at an early date, the local farmers will be compelled to make some such move.

Yours truly,

A SUBSCRIBER.

News of Orland Briefly Narrated

On Wednesday, February 9, Mr. and Mrs. George Sayers moved from their temporary home in Homer township to their permanent one in the town of Orland. They will live upon and conduct permanently the farm formerly known as the Knudson farm. We wish them great success. Certainly there could come no more discouraging year for farmers unless a crop failure should come. The law of average after all is the thing that determines one's success on the farm as anywhere else.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Beagley were favored with a visit from Mrs. Beagley's sister, Miss Dorothy Nelson of Chicago. The Methodist church acknowledges the pleasure of her presence at its Winship box social and musical program.

It has been said that Franklin Loebe is very popular in Orland. He takes girls to dances and he also goes out walking with them. The store is a great advantage, on Saturdays where he stands talking to his best girl.

The village blacksmith, Mr. Adolph Zerbs, attended the musical program and box social given at the M. E. church last Friday evening.

James Cannon and Rudolph Riggles were in Chicago last Wednesday evening to attend the good roads' exhibit. Will Loebe has been working in the Loebe Bros. store for several weeks during which time an invoice of their merchandise has been taken.

The Choral club of the Orland M. E. church offers a chicken supper on March 4th, in the evening. The money obtained will be used in forwarding the musical interests of the community. You are invited to enjoy the evening. Look for place and price later.

Rev. Arthur Miles, pastor of the Henning M. E. church in Central Illinois, and a student at Garrett Biblical Institute, attended the musical program and box social given by the Methodist church.

Miss Pearl Beagley of Chicago visited with Miss Celia Cooper over Sunday.

Several Orland residents have been sick during the recent days, and among them are: Earl Sayers, the Wheeler children, the Brown children, Joy Sayers and Ida Brown, and the little babe of Mr. and Mrs. Lester Kay. The community as a whole has been spared from sickness, so that neither churches nor schools have had to be closed to prevent contagion, for which we are devoutly thankful.

The Garrett Glee club will appear in the second number of the Lyceum course on Thursday evening, February 24, at 8 p. m. This will be a rare musical opportunity for all lovers of music. Think of it. Twenty or more male voices to appear in the Orland Methodist church soon. Let all patrons of the course bring their friends. Single tickets, 50 cents for adults and 25 cents for children.

HOGS BROUGHT \$80.60 AT THE J. CUTLER SALE

What is said to have been the best auction sale of the season was held on the John Cutler farm near Marley Monday. Hogs sold at \$80.60 per head and cows went over \$100. A large number of buyers from surrounding towns were on hand. The total sum of the sale ran over \$2000. Herbert Moriarty of Mokena was the auctioneer.

MYSTERIOUS CASE OF POISONING AT MOKENA

Mekena, Feb. 18.—Two mysterious cases of poisoning of mules and horses occurred the past week. The first case reported took place on the Harry Peterson farm. Mr. Peterson found three of his mules sick one morning. The animals commenced to bloat, and upon the arrival of a veterinary it was discovered that the mules had been poisoned. They all died.

David Peterson, living about three miles from Harry, had a similar experience. He found one of his horses poisoned. Another horse was missing, and after hunting over the farm the horse was found in a piece of timberland. The horse was suffering from deep cuts inflicted by being stabbed. The horse died. No trace has been found as to the cause of these mysterious poisonings and stabbing cases.

Mrs. Nettie Stork, Mrs. John Capple and son Walter, Mrs. Lawrence Schweser and Mrs. George Wannemacher motored to Joliet Sunday and visited with Mrs. Margaret Dietz.

Mrs. Adolph Bachmann of Gary, Indiana, spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. George Wannemacher on Maple Road.

CHICKEN THIEVES BUSY.

Chicken thieves have also put in an appearance lately. The Edward Schmidt farm was visited and 25 chickens were stolen.

AGED RESIDENTS ILL.

Mr. and Mrs. Wenzel Hauser, well-known old residents of Mokena, are both ill at their home. Mrs. Levandowsky, a niece of theirs from Joliet, is taking care of them. Mr. Hauser, who has been quite ill, is able to be up again. He is ninety years old, and is remarkably spry for one of his advanced age. Mrs. Hauser is still confined to bed.

NEW LENOX IS GETTING READY FOR PAVILION

NEW LENOX.

New Lenox is going to see a lively time this summer. The old town will have some new life injected into it at least once a week anyway when the new dance pavilion is completed. This week the Joliet and Eastern Traction company moved the local station off the former Searight lot onto the company property adjoining. Work on the new pavilion is to be commenced soon. The new structure is to be a neat affair and will be a credit to the town. The pavilion is to be built so that it can be used in the winter as well as in the summer. It is proposed to use the pavilion for a basketball hall in the winter months. This new structure will fill a long felt want as a means of giving the young folks a place of home amusement. The new pavilion is bound to draw a big crowd, and no doubt will be liberally patronized all summer.

REMODELING OLD LANDMARK.

The former old Fellows store building which has been used of late years as a garage and storehouse, is being remodeled into a dwelling, by Henry Fink, the present owner. The building is to be moved back from its present location onto a new foundation, and will be a credit to this corner of the village.

Charles Gould, who has been quite ill, is improving quite nicely.

The R. N. A. held a card party at the Grange hall on Wednesday night.

BROTHERHOOD DOING GOOD WORK.

The recently organized New Lenox Men's Community Brotherhood, is living right up to its profession to do all the good it can to as many people as it can, and as many times as it can. William Shepley, who is selling milk to customers in Joliet, found himself in quite a predicament this week. A new city ordinance provides that all milk wagons must bear the name and address of the owner, and all milk bottles must also be labeled and the milk must be guaranteed to be fresh. Mr. Shepley found that he had to buy 400 new bottles, and in addition had to have his milk delivery wagon painted and lettered. He took the matter up with the local Brotherhood, and Rev. W. M. Tisdale took it upon himself to do the artistic work and painted the required signs on the wagon Monday. This is real community spirit work.

Mrs. Chas. Francis and daughter are about to move to Joliet.

Miss Helen Francis, teacher of the King's Heralds, the girls' missionary society of New Lenox M. E. church, announces the monthly meeting at the home of Gertrude Pelky in New Lenox February 19 at 2:30 p. m. About thirty girls belong to the organization.

The boy and girl friends of Miss Ann Estell Francis gave her a surprise party Wednesday evening bringing with them refreshments. Eighteen were in attendance.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of New Lenox M. E. church at the home of Mrs. Geo. Francis was attended by twenty-six ladies. These ladies are helping support a lady doctor in China, Dr. Balsh add a missionary, a Miss Jones from Joliet. The afternoon program closed with a luncheon.

The Young Ladies Class of the New Lenox M. E. Sunday School, Miss Alice Francis teacher, gave a Valentine party at the home of Miss Louella Hendrickson one mile south of New Lenox Friday evening. Forty-two young people were present.

A Lincoln Day service was observed at the M. E. church Sunday morning Feb. 11. The order of program was as follows: Subject: "The New Road" which dealt with the situation of the negro in the south.

Miss Benham gave a reading entitled "The Day of Adjustments" Miss Mabel Oram read a paper on "The Open Road" and Miss Eunice Owen gave a narration entitled "The Vision and Task."

Early Fireworks.

In Rome, at the creation of the popes, illuminated "hand grenades" were thrown from the tops of castles, and about the commencement of the Fourteenth century fireworks had become an art in which inventors displayed great ability in combining the powers of architecture, sculpture and painting.

FRANKFORT WILL HAVE CONCRETE ROAD THIS YEAR

Frankfort is looking for a big boom in the not distant future. With the construction of a concrete highway assured, the village is looking for big things. Monday F. J. Kohlhaugen and William Lankenau, president of the Frankfort State bank, attended a meeting in Chicago and conferred with the state highway officials relative to the extension of the concrete highway from the Cook county line through to New Lenox. The state highway officials stated that this highway would be built this summer and would be connected up with New Lenox before next winter. The new concrete highway will run north of Frankfort on the Lincoln highway and will mean a continuous concrete road from Chicago. Heights to Joliet. A very large amount of auto travel will go on this highway and it will mean a very excellent highway for the farmers to use in getting their things to market. Trucks and autos will not wear this road out as they do a macadam road. Frankfort is bound to grow and the tendency of the growth will be toward the north of town along the new highway. This location is ideally located for building purposes on account of its good natural drainage, the fall of the land being toward Hickory Creek, which is far enough away as not to cause any trouble in flood time.

This whole region has a wonderful future. We are close to Chicago, which is constantly growing. Within the next 15 or 20 years Chicago will easily be the greatest city in the world, and this whole territory will be one vast network of suburbs. If the deep waterway should be completed Joliet would be given a big boom and undoubtedly would witness a wonderful growth. It will only be a matter of a few years before land values will begin to increase and it would not be out of reason to say that land some day may be worth \$1,000 or \$1,500 per acre in this section. Even with the completion of the proposed new concrete road land values will show a marked increase in this section. Big things are in store for this whole region. There is not a more favorable location than in this section of the country.

PERSONALS.

Mrs. Conrad Bettenhausen, who was injured in a fall recently, is able to be about with the aid of crutches.

Mrs. Almond Krueger is reported as being quite ill at her home in Minneapolis, Minn.

An epidemic of colds and minor sicknesses has claimed many patients in this section.

Word comes that Mrs. Cosgrove, who is wintering in Daytona, Fla., for her health, is not well. She has been in poor health all winter.

Clement Geuther, who has been visiting with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Geuther, has returned to Miami, Tex., where he is engaged in wheat farming.

C. H. Balchowsky left Saturday for Hot Springs, Ark., for a few weeks' vacation.

Max Haass, deputy tax collector for Frankfort township, has about completed his work for this year. Only a few delinquent cases are reported.

Otto Herschbach and family spent Sunday in Chicago Heights with the Charles Wallace family.

On account of the unfavorable weather the social which was to have been given last Friday night by the M. E. Ladies' Aid was postponed.

BUSINESS INCREASES.

William Logan, our local pump and machine man, finds that his business has increased so well during the last few years that he is obliged to buy a motor truck in which to deliver supplies and repairs. He has had horses, but he finds the horse-drawn vehicle too slow in this modern day and age, and is therefore going to sell his horses and some surplus machines at a public sale on Saturday, March 6. Mr. Logan has been installing pumps and windmills for years, and often has calls to Marley and Orland and a motor truck, Mr. Logan finds, will be far more satisfactory. Mr. Logan will continue handling farm implement repairs, pumps, windmills, etc.

GRAIN PRICES RALLY.

The grain market, which has been pretty low, showed signs of rallying Monday when corn was quoted at 58 cents and oats at 39 cents. It is predicted that corn will yet reach the 60-cent mark. Farmers are still holding onto their grain with the hopes of a raise in price coming soon.

The BLUE MOON

A Tale of the Flatwoods

By DAVID ANDERSON

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"FIVE THOUSAND!"

Synopsis.—Never having known his father, and living with his mother on a houseboat on the Wabash river, Pearlhunter—the only name he has—learns from her a part of the story of her sad life. The recital is interrupted by a fearful fit of coughing and he hurries ashore to seek a room that affords relief. He meets a young girl whom he mentally christens the Wild Rose. She eludes him before he can make her acquaintance. A vacant cabin on the shore has attracted the attention of the alluring woman, and they move into it. Their first meal is interrupted by the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest. Pearlhunter strikes him. Gunplay threatens. The mother dramatically drives the intruder away. She says he is the "Other Man," whom she has not seen for 20 years. They find a red mask dropped by the Other Man. That night Pearlhunter finds the Blue Moon, a great freshwater pearl. His mother dies without revealing his father's name. Pearlhunter and the Other Man meet in the village; a pistol fight is narrowly averted. Pearlhunter believes him to be the Red Mask criminal. Pearlhunter rescues Wild Rose from the Other Man and meets Wild Man, her father. He is a man of culture, crazed from concussion of the brain, the result of an attack by someone wearing a red mask. No body knows his identity; he is known at the post office simply as Box 23. Pearlhunter proposed that he sell the Blue Moon and send for a surgeon to operate. Wild Rose agrees.

CHAPTER VI—Continued.

A form blotted the moonlight upon the floor with a living splotch of shadow. An arm came in at the door; a hand fumbled behind the casement. That was all. No face appeared. A moment or two, and the arm disappeared; the splotch of shadow slid off the square of moonlight; the soft foot-falls slipped away around the east end of the cabin and muffled into silence.

Very softly the Pearlhunter rose to his feet. The light outside was far too bright to risk venturing forth. It would have betrayed him instantly. He glanced around the cabin. The moon had passed by the east window, so that it was in the shadow. He stole across the floor and peeped out through a broken pane.

A man was picking his way up the bluff. He seemed in no great hurry, nor in the least disturbed. At the top of the bluff he stopped and looked back. In his brief instant of pause before striding away into the woods the moon picked him out clear as day. It was the Man-in-the-Fancy-Vest.

There was no more sleep for the Pearlhunter. He left the window, went to the cabin door and felt behind the casement where the hand had groped. His fingers came in contact with a tiny bundle wedged between the logs and the door frame. He drew it forth and unrolled it in the moonlight, deeming it imprudent to light the candle. Even before the moon beams fell upon the thing he knew by a certain disquieting premonition what it would prove to be—a red mask.

He felt along the wall to the chink above the table and poked his fingers between it and the logs, where he had concealed the packet the evening they moved into the cabin. It was still there. He drew it forth and compared it with the other. They were almost identical, and of a pattern with the one he had seen that afternoon at the three-gabled cabin.

He sat down by the table and dropped his chin in his palm. What did it mean? What must it mean—this last one? He knew the meaning of the first—dropped by chance. He had a very plausible surmise as to the story of the other, the one with the knife thrust through it at the three-gabled cabin. But this one—this last one?

The man wanted to hide that bit of cloth right there. But why? The Pearlhunter raked his brain for the answer. Why? He must have been ignorant that the other was hidden behind the chink, or why should he have taken such pains to hide this one? He was probably ignorant of the fact that he had dropped the other one in the cabin that night; possibly did not know where he had lost it. It was even conceivable that the loss of it may have occasioned him no small anxiety. If he did not know that he had dropped the other mask in the cabin, he probably was unaware that the Pearlhunter knew him. The young man sat still a long time over that thought.

That he could with such apparent readiness supply himself with another mask after the first was lost suggested a near-by rendezvous, undoubtedly somewhere in the Flatwoods—a rendezvous, or a confederate. But that was unlike him—to have a confederate. He was known to work alone. And his horse—he would not likely allow himself to get far from it. He wouldn't dare ride it into the village. Pocket, the famous thoroughbred of

the Red Mask, was well known. And a horse can not be easily disguised. But always, no matter where his thought strayed, like a man lost in the woods and traveling in a circle, he invariably came back to the starting point—the question: Why did he hide the mask in the cabin? One thing was certain. He didn't hide it without a purpose.

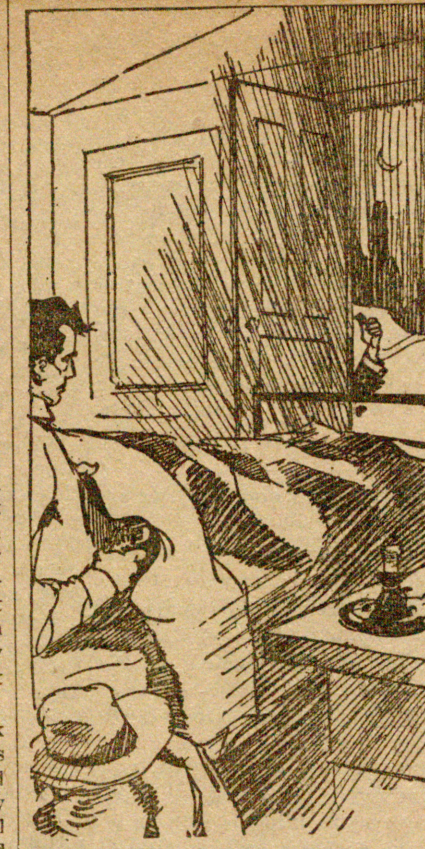
He seemed to feel some intangible, indefinable force for evil forming about him—like spider webs across the face; delicately effective; hideously efficient. A kind of dread crept out of the silence and the solitude and gripped his spirit. Danger; death—the Red Mask juggled with them as a king juggles empires. Why didn't he draw there in the saloon; why didn't he draw at the fence? There was death in his eyes.

The scene in the cabin that first evening crossed his mind, when by chance he had learned the secret of the man's identity; a secret shared by no one else in the Flatwoods; a secret he dared not reveal for want of proof. He had often thought of it. Tonight freshened it in his mind compellingly; the strange actions of his mother; her flaring scorn; how she had sprung from her chair and beat the intruder off with the imperious dignity of her eyes. Her story, the one all too brief word that had reached him out of the sealed past, came to him again. Long and long he sat with his head bowed over the table.

Dawn at the east window surprised him. He stepped to the cabin door. The square of moonlight upon the floor was pale and sickly. Great shafts of bronze thrust up out of the east and dimmed the stars. A mist lay along the river like a cloud that had fallen from the sky and loved the warm earth so well that it refused to return.

He stood in the door and watched the world wake up—his world; the only world he knew. A half sleepy twitter here, and there among the trees; a croak down by the water's edge; a squawk over in the bayou; and on the higher ground a trill now and then of distilled witchery—he knew them all, every voice. A crow wallowed along in the purple light and rasped the silence with his raucous call. He was answered by another from somewhere across in the bottoms. The woods lifted its thousand voices; a multitude shouting, as at the coming of a hero. And the hero was at hand. The gates of dawn opened and he drove in. Bronze turned to gold; the hills away in the south bared their heads; a soft breeze crooned along over the trees and blew out the morning star.

In the early light the Pearlhunter searched the ground about the doorstep for any tracks that might have been left by the night prowler. In the hard and moldy open ground he



No Face Appeared.

found the marks of a boot. The heel had only touched the ground once or twice. He was struck by its small size. It was said by some that the Red Mask had been a gentleman and an artist before he took to the road. The Pearlhunter could well believe it, for certainly no other boot in the Flatwoods could leave a print so small.

The heel had been somewhat worn, so that the nails protruded slightly. They had left a very distinct row of prints around the edge of the mark. The track was made by the right boot. He hunted one of the left. No nails showed. From the circumstances he concluded that the outer heel-cap of the right boot had come off, allowing the nails to protrude.

It would be hard to say what train of thought the finding of the heel print plunged the man back into as he straightened and stood crumpling the two patches of stiff cloth in his hand. His gray eyes and passive face were hard to read. An old broken crock lay against the cabin near the step. He picked it up, turned it up-side-down over the heel print and went back into the cabin.

He kindled a fire in the cook stove, and when he had it going good, dropped both masks in and watched them burn to cinders—and afterward raked the ashes.

The Pearlhunter, with the horse sense 20 years of hard knocks had beaten into him, knew that this was his day—his one first day—his to seize; to have; to hold.

Five thousand dollars; a gray ghost in the easy chair in the cabin of the three gables; a girl that "trusted" him

—and the big day going! It was enough to make a man restless.

The forenoon was nearly gone when, through the trees up the river, he caught the bright glint of the sun upon our blades. Even at that distance he knew the craft—Louie Solomon's long, white six-oared skiff.

Broom in hand, the Pearlhunter was making a prodigious dust and clatter among the chairs and boxes when the pearl buyer, short and pudgy—Jew from his shrewd eyes to his fat feet—stepped before the door.

"House cleaning, hain't it?"

"Oh, just digging myself out."

Standing his broom against the wall, he stepped outside. He knew Louie Solomon well—what pearl fisher did not?—and Louie Solomon knew him. Like two wrestlers on the mat the two stood looking each other over—a man that wanted to sell something; a man that wanted to buy it—with the odds on the one that could put up the biggest bluff. The world could be halved just there.

"Cup by d'e shpring?"

"A gourd."

The two went around the west end of the cabin and back to where the spring boiled out from beneath the foot of the cliffs. The Jew dipped up a gourdful and drank so deep that the Pearlhunter knew it was no honest thirst he quenched. The bar of the Mud Hen was famous along the Wabash.

"Himmel! Dot shpring! Not once I pass Fallen Rock I don't shtop undt drink 'im. I'm campin' here tonight. I'm last night campin' here, but we shstruck town late, undt got in mid d'e Boss undt a lot of pearl fishers. Undt dis morning!" He threw up his pudgy hands, the Jew's exclamation point when words fail. "Ach Himmel, d'e head! Undt poker! All poker players vot I see, he's d'e schlick one!"

"The Boss?"

"Boss! He don't can see last night d'e candle. Dot timber buyer. I don't met him before. Poker! From \$23 he trim me!"

The eyes of the Pearlhunter drew together.

"Timber! What was he like?"

"Oh, so high like your shoulder," he said. "Light hair, blue eyes—undt hell on cussin'."

"Did he wear a fancy vest?"

"You know him?"

"I've seen him."

The pearl buyer took off his hat and wiped his sleeve across his brow.

"I tell him I'm tonight campin' here. He say mebbe he come down undt gif me chance to get it back, my \$23."

The Pearlhunter's eyes were still drawn and thoughtful, though he made no comment, but led the way back to the front of the cabin, as though he believed his companion had merely come up the hill for a drink at the spring and would now go back to his skiff. It completely deceived Louie Solomon, for all his craftiness. But, of course, he had no means of knowing the message the Boss had shouted up from the boat the night before.

The Pearlhunter stepped inside the door and picked up his broom. Out of the little end of his eye he saw the Jew watching him. He made a swipe with the broom as if to go on with his sweeping. It was a close grapple of wits. But the lure of the pearl was too much for Louie Solomon. He had to come to it at last; and he had to come square. Taking off his hat, he looked back over his shoulder and again drew his sleeve across his brow.

"I'm hearin' you picked up a blue one."

The Pearlhunter leaned his broom against the table and came out upon the door step.

"Who was telling you?"

"Oh, dey talk. You sell him?"

"If I get my price."

"How much you want it?"

"Five thousand."

The little Jew almost fell over. His fat hands punched the air full of exclamation points.

"Five t'ousan! Himmel! You pearl fishers iss all alike—all crazy."

"That's my price."

He stepped back inside the door and reached for his broom. The other hopped across the door sill and caught his arm.

"Himmel! Let it go dot broom! I look at your pearl. You should jump in d'e boat, undt we look him over at d'e bank. But I know he turn out like d'e rest—wort' mebbe five hundred; mebbe no. You pearl fishers iss all crazy. Himmel!"

The Pearlhunter followed in silence. He did not ask how the other knew the Blue Moon was in the bank, knowing what river men were when drink had loosed their tongues. After days and weeks at the clam rakes and the mucky vats, with little more than an occasional grunt between them, three fingers of "squirrel" whisky would set their tongues bobbing like a cork in a suck hole.

Louie Solomon carried three rowers in his long skiff, all hardy river men that had been with him for years. Each man wore a heavy six-shooter in plain sight at his belt. Some said that he paid these men fancy wages, and that he employed them as much for their ability with the revolver as for their skill at the oars.

It was far past noon when the white skiff drew up to the wharf. A crowd, mostly river men, was there to meet it—and more coming. It seemed everybody in Buckeye knew what was going on. In front of the Mud Hen the little Jew paused, rolled his furry tongue, and jerked his hand toward the door. The Pearlhunter shook his head.

"Wait till we get back from the bank."

The Jew stabbed the air with his expressive hands.

"Himmel! It's on me!"

But the Pearlhunter was far too

wise to fall for that trick.

"Thanks," he said. "But business first."

He strode on toward the bank. The Jew trotted along beside him. The crowd followed.

The old banker invited them back into his private office and shut the door. It was the first time the Pearlhunter had ever been farther in a bank than the lobby, and only once in his life that far. The solid and substantial luxury of the place was a revelation to him, even a matter of intense curiosity. But the cumulative effect of it was to give him courage, to make him feel he was somebody.

It seemed to the Pearlhunter that the banker was gone a long time when he went to bring the pearl from the safe. When he finally re-entered the private office the owner of the pearl saw why. He had hunted up somewhere about the bank a small box, a tiny jewel case, covered with green plush, and was carrying the pearl in it—a little thing, but very graceful and gracious. The act went to the heart of the Pearlhunter and immensely increased his confidence and self-respect, which was probably the very thing the wise old banker hoped it would do.

Louie Solomon knew fresh water pearls. Probably, there was no greater expert living. His first glance at the Blue Moon, when the lid of the tiny plush case was raised, betrayed him. Forgetful of the level eyes watching his slightest move, studying his every expression, he pounced upon the glorious jewel and caressed it with his hands, devoured it with his protruding eyes—the crafty trader lost for the moment in the expert; the Jew in the man.

But it was only for the moment. The enthusiast vanished; in his place the hard-faced trader. He straightened; set the box, with the lid still up, on the table that occupied the center of the office floor, and looked around at the others.

"So-o—" he said, with a slither of his hand toward the pearl—a gesture only Louie Solomon could make. "Undt dot iss it for which d'e pearl fishers should go crazy."

But even Louie Solomon couldn't quite put over his accustomed bluff in the face of such a gem. It drew his eyes back in spite of him. Taking a lens from his pocket, he stooped over it again.

"You no see dot flaw?" he said, after a short inspection.

The Pearlhunter took the lens and looked with quick, studied care. Sometimes the most perfect pearl will develop a flaw in ripening.

"No," he answered, handing back the lens. "Neither do you."

It was a straight thrust. The buyer flushed and studied his man. Who was this Pearlhunter, anyhow?

"Vell, how much you want it?"

"I told you."

The Jew ridiculed the idea with his hands.

"I t'ought you make me some foolishness. You don't can mean it?"

"You've got a good chance to find out."

The Jew stooped again over the pearl, rolled it about upon the plush cushion inside the tiny jewel case, took a small pair of callipers from his vest pocket and measured it, not only to determine its size but its roundness as well. The old banker looked across the table and winked at the Pearlhunter—a very distinct and unmistakable wink. A dry grin puckered the young man's eyes. It's not every pearl fisher that gets winked at by a banker.

Solomon looked up after a while and growled:

"I gif you t'ree t'ousan."

The banker started. But the Pearlhunter said:

"If it ain't worth more than that, I might as well go down to Mud Haul and fish for bullheads."

Louie Solomon swore—a stiff little run of what the Flatwoods calls "keen cussin'." His eyes stuck out; he stormed back and forth across the floor a time or two, muttering to himself in Yiddish, a language in which he doubtless swore more comfortably. It was the "squirrel" whisky. Louie knew better, too.

But the tempest was soon over. He stopped at the corner of the table, his face smoothed serene as a garden—and like a garden, the better for the storm.

"Louie, I many times say to mine-self, Louie, you got it too much hearted to be a pearl buyer yet. Too much soft-hearted you got it. Hard-hearted a pearl buyer should be. You gif too high, undt you sell too low. Misses Solomon, she die in d'e poor-house yet, hain't it? I gif you four t'ousan."

The Pearlhunter glanced across the table at the banker.

"I reckon you might as well put it back in the safe," he said. "He knows my price, and he don't seem to want to do business."

The banker picked up the little plush case, snapped the lid down, and started for the door. Taking the pearl from the room was like putting the light out. The Jew's face was a study. He drew his sleeve across his brow.

"Bring it back," he cried. "Himmel! You pearl fishers iss all crazy. I gif it de five t'ousan!"

"He choke me—I tear off de mask—he shlick me. Fimmell De Blue Moon!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Economy and Empire.

As much wisdom may be expended on a private economy as on an empire, and as much wisdom may be drawn from it.—Emerson.

However, very few men are wise enough to render one word sufficient.

PREFERRED TO LIVE ALONE

Water-Hog Chose Lonely Existence in English Pond to the Confinement of a Menagerie.

Two years ago a large and intelligent water-hog from South America, tired of the local British menagerie which exploited him and his brethren, crept away, and took up his abode in a pond at Manning's heath, Sussex. There he lived a hermit-like existence, swimming and diving, or scrambling along the fringe of the pond by way of exercise, and harming no man, until quite recently a young foal disputed his claim to the lake. The three-foot-long water-hog had the impudence to chase the foal, and suffered death at the hands of a gamekeeper for his misdemeanor. The hog's life in the Sussex pond is regarded as all the more strange because few of his species have survived the English climate. Such creatures abound on the river banks in South America, and, while possessing the skin and bristles of an ordinary hedgehog, can swim and dive like a fish, often remaining under water for lengthy periods. They have long, curiously molded teeth, which enable them to grind to a pulp the vegetable matter that forms their sustenance, and allow it to pass down the very narrow passage of their throat. They bark and growl like dogs, and are altogether unpleasant animals when roused. The Manning pond specimen was regarded by the villagers as quite harmless, however, and they deplored its untimely end.—London Mail.

COURTESAN OF LOWLY ORIGIN

Lady Hamilton Rose to High, if Anomalous, Position, Solely Through Her Great Beauty.

Lady Hamilton, who, during the latter part of the Eighteenth century, was a world figure, and whose activities did much to change history, was born of a blacksmith and a cook. The time was to come when she was bed-fellow with the queen of Naples, and close friend to kings and princes, as well as the wife of the British ambassador to Italy, and mistress of the great Nelson, but it was as Emma Lyon that she began her career of mastering power and authority by her woman's beauty and wiles.

While walking along the street at the age of sixteen she saw an old schoolfellow in the hands of a press gang that was about to convey him aboard a British ship bound for forced service. She went to Captain Payne, commander of the ship, and begged his release. The captain agreed—on a condition. The girl accepted it and gave up her honor to save her friend. The captain paid dearly for his act shortly afterward, as the young beauty went about the town charging up bills of enormous amounts, and he was forced to settle.

Pioneers' Prairie Bunk.

The necessity of finding a more convenient and comfortable place than the ground upon which to sleep produced the "prairie bunk." This one-legged bedstead, now a piece of furniture of the past, was improvised by the pioneer in a unique manner. A forked stake was driven into the ground at a proper distance from the corner of the room and upon it poles, usually of hickory, were laid reaching from each wall. These poles, where they touched the walls, rested in the openings between the logs or were driven into auger holes. Upon these poles slats of clapboard were placed, or linden bark was interwoven from pole to pole. Sometimes an old-fashioned "cord bed" was made by using basswood bark for the cord. On this framework the housewife spread her straw tick or piled the luxurious mound of her homemade feather bed. Such a sleeping place was usually known as a "prairie bedstead," but sometimes it was called a "prairie rascal."—Mildred J. Sharp, in the Palimpsest.

Thermometers Grow Old.

Even thermometers become old, and consequently inaccurate with age, mercurial instruments reading too high and spirit instruments too low. In the former case the bulb appears to shrink, thus forcing the quicksilver too far up the stem. This gradual shrinkage is supposed to be due to the fact that the external pressure on the bulb may be considerably higher than the internal pressure, the air as far as possible having been removed before the glass is sealed.

On the other hand, the spirit thermometer is sealed with the bulb covered in a freezing mixture, in order to lock up in the glass as much air as possible. The instrument thus starts with the internal pressure which in time appears to be reduced either by expansion of the glass under the internal pressure or by leakage.

Beard and Mustache Defended.

Dr. Arjan Das, in the Indian Medical Journal, deprecates the fashion for cropped hair which is gaining in India. He says hair is an additional ornament for a rich woman, and often the only ornament of the poor. The shaving of mustache and the epilation of nasal hairs is bad, as they prevent the introduction of even minute particles of dust entering the nose. Worse still is the increasing practice of shaving the beard, as this protects the throat and hinders dental neuralgia. Shaving has become the fashion both with Hindus and Mohammedans, though a bearded man among the latter is shown more respect.

HOW WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

May Escape the Dreaded Sufferings of that Period by Taking Mrs. Block's Advice

Hopkins, Minn.—"During Change of Life I had hot flashes and suffered for two years. I saw

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound advertised in the paper and got good results from taking it. I recommend your medicine to my friends and you may publish this fact as a testimonial."—Mrs. ROBERT BLOCK, Box 642, Hopkins, Minn.

It has been said that not one woman in a thousand passes this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms. Those dreadful hot flashes, sinking spells, spots before the eyes, dizzy spells, nervousness, are only a few of the symptoms. Every woman at this age should profit by Mrs. Block's experience and try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., about your health. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

Only Cheap Thing Left.

The H. C. of Living had been discussed and the family felt as though it behooved them to watch the corners. The small daughter thought every night none too often to take in a movie, but mother insisted that constant going added greatly to expense. At supper Margaret remarked: "Nothing doing in the movie line tonight, dad; let's take a walk, that's the only thing that's cheap."

Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea.—Adv.

Airplane Evident.

"We should keep up our airship department," thinks a punning correspondent, "because our masculine aviation stars will prove men-aces to unfriendly governments."—Boston Transcript.

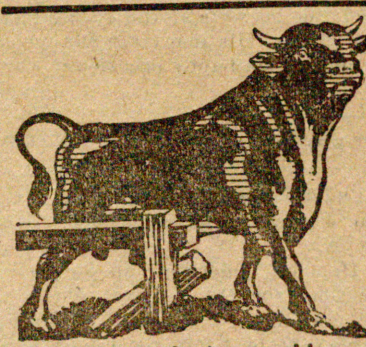
Nothing is more unsatisfactory than vanity in another.

An Old-Fashioned Herbal Tonic

Springfield, Ill.—"I consider that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has great healing and strength-restoring qualities. I was stricken with measles and as is often the case with an adult, it went hard with me, my lungs were sore and I did not know what the consequence might be. I had heard of the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and believed it would bring me back to health again. After using one bottle all distress and soreness left me."—CHAS. HAYS, 2227 E. Capital St.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, made from wild roots and barks, and free from alcohol or narcotics, is sold by all druggists.

Send 10c to Dr. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y., for a trial pkg.



50 good cigarettes for 10c from one sack of

GENUINE "BULL" DURHAM TOBACCO

As recommended by The American Smokers' Club

Acid Stomach for 10 Years

NOW A DIFFERENT WOMAN

Earnestly Praises Eatonio

"My wife was a great sufferer from acid stomach for 10 years," writes H. D. Crippen, "but is a different woman since taking Eatonio."

Sufferers from acid stomach—let Eatonio help you also. It quickly takes up and carries out the excess acidity and gases and makes the stomach cool and comfortable. You digest easily, get the full strength from your food, feel well and strong, free from bloating, belching, food repeating, etc. Big box costs only a trifle more than your druggist's guarantee.

OWN A HOME IN ARKANSAS—Fruit, Poultry or stock raising. Write for prices. STAPLETON & SON, HARRISON, ARK.

Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Placing the Blame.

Professor—Why were you tardy?
Tom—Class began before I got there.—Orange Peel.

Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. Catarrhal Deafness requires constitutional treatment. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced, your hearing may be destroyed forever. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE acts through the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system, thus reducing the inflammation and restoring normal conditions.

Circulars free. All Druggists.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The notes used by the Bank of England cost exactly 1 cent each.

Children Who Are Sickly

When your child cries at night, tosses restlessly in its sleep, is constipated, feverish or has symptoms of worms, you feel worried. Mothers who value their own comfort and the welfare of their children, should never be without a box of

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

for use throughout the season. They tend to break up colds, relieve feverishness, constipation, teething disorders, more and regulate the bowels and destroy worms. These powders are pleasant to take and easy for parents to give. They cleanse the stomach, act on the liver and give beautiful sleep. Don't accept of regulating the child's any substitute system.

Call for mothers for over 30 years. Sold by all druggists. Sample mailed FREE. Address: Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

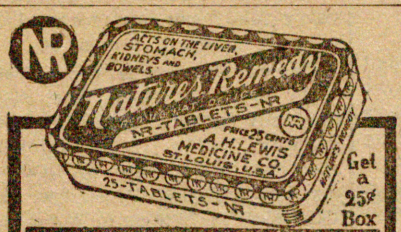
Be sure you ask for and obtain Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children.

A Nurse's Advice

Hoopeston, Ill.—"It is with pleasure that I recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines, especially the Favorite Prescription for women who are suffering or for prospective mothers, to build up the nervous system. I have taken it myself as a tonic and it was very beneficial, and I have recommended it to my patients, many of whom have also been benefited. Dr. Pierce's medicines are worthy of all the praise I can give them. I put them ahead of all other ready-prepared medicines, knowing them to be pure and that they do not contain any injurious drug."—MRS. LYDIA LOWE, Box 65.



patients, many of whom have also been benefited. Dr. Pierce's medicines are worthy of all the praise I can give them. I put them ahead of all other ready-prepared medicines, knowing them to be pure and that they do not contain any injurious drug."—MRS. LYDIA LOWE, Box 65.



Better than Pills For Liver Ills
NR Tonight—Tomorrow Alright

Cuticura Talcum is Fragrant and Very Healthful
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

BULGARIANS

live close to Nature

Bulgarian Blood Tea
is Nature's purest herbs. Take it hot to kill colds, flush the kidneys, sweeten the stomach and purify the blood. Sold by druggists and grocers everywhere.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Restores Color and Faded Hair
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
Hindcorns, etc., remove Corns, Calluses, etc., stop all pain, ensure comfort to the feet, making walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hoopeston Chemical Works, Hoopeston, Ill.

HINDCORN'S Remove Corns, Calluses, etc., stop all pain, ensure comfort to the feet, making walking easy. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hoopeston Chemical Works, Hoopeston, Ill.

MAKE YOUR OWN Beauty Cream, give cleaner, face powder, rouge, dry shampoo, perspiration, depilatory, wrinkle remover, wall paper cleaner, others. Formulas retired mfr. All for 15c. A. Nordling, Eastwick, Fla.

KREMOLA MAKES THE SKIN BEAUTIFUL. Deep wonders for a bad complexion. 15c. by mail or at Druggists. Hoopeston Chemical Works, Hoopeston, Ill.

FAMOUS OLD CITY

Geneva Figures Prominently in Pages of History.

Records Show Brave Fight for Independence Long Maintained Against Powerful, Unscrupulous Neighbors.

Geneva, the seat of the League of Nations, witnessed some fierce fighting in the days when the duke of Savoy sought to destroy its independence with the aid of a contingent of Spanish troops.

These mercenaries tried to rush the defenses at dead of night, but though some of them managed to get into Geneva, not one of them managed to get out again. Those who were not killed in action were afterward beheaded.

They still preserve at Geneva scaling ladders captured from the Spaniards on that memorable night, together with the caldron out of which a Genevan housewife, who had risen early to prepare her husband's breakfast, poured a deluge of scalding soup on to the heads of the enemy troops.

Another relic preserved at Geneva recalls the little band of exiles who worked together there at the translation of the Scriptures, known as the Geneva Bible.

On the eve of their departure for England they went in a body to the city fathers, who gave them, as the records show, "honorable license to depart, together with a testimonial of the satisfaction we have had in them, and an exhortation to act in their turn toward foreigners as we have acted toward them." Then they all wrote their signatures in the "Livre des Anglais," or Book of the English, which is carefully treasured in the Geneva archives.

Though Geneva for some hundreds of years has been a sovereign republic, much of the architectural beauty of the modern town is directly due to the generosity of a one-time reigning prince, Charles II, duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbuttel.

The duke, who was born in 1807, succeeded at an early age to the throne, and governed so arbitrarily and cruelly that his subjects appealed to the German diet, which, after some negotiation deposed him and placed his younger brother on the throne. After this Duke Charles, who was very wealthy, wandered about Europe, making Paris his headquarters. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, in 1870, he finally settled at Geneva, where he died in 1873.

He had been an exile from his own land for more than thirty years, and if he ever had had any affection for it, it had perished during that time; so he constituted the city of Geneva his heir. His will was disputed by his brother and successor, Duke William, who demanded the family jewels and other treasure.

Before the case came into the courts the duke agreed to compromise, and the city came in for a legacy worth about four million dollars. This sum, and a considerable portion of it, has been spent in beautifying the town, building the quays and the elaborate Brunswick monument.

Mark Twain as a Typist.

Mark Twain appears to have been the first distinguished author to purchase a typewriter, and a letter typed by him to W. D. Howells on December 9, 1874—the very day the machine reached him—is still extant.

"I don't know," he tells him, "whether I am going to make this typewriting machine go or not; that last word was intended for n-not; but I guess I shall make some sort of a success of it before I run it very long. I am so thick-fingered that I miss the keys. You needn't answer this. I am only practicing to get three—another slip-up there; only practicing to get the hang of the thing. I notice I miss fire—get in a good many unnecessary letters and punctuation marks. I am simply using you for a target to bang at. Blame my cats, but this thing requires a genius in order to work it just right."

Profiteers Forced to Build.

Switzerland has found a new use for war profits. The Swiss who reaped an excess profit during the war can get an abatement of taxes if he will invest his surplus in residential housing under official regulation. The regulation guards against unsightly and insanitary building. It also restricts rentals to yield only a fair return on the investment. If the war profiteer does not care to put his easy money into this useful channel of public service at a fair return, the state takes a large part of it from him and itself subsidizes the building of homes.

Selling Human Bones.

The keeper of a public cemetery of a small Bohemian town near Prague excavated the older parts of the graveyard, and sold all the old bones he could find for industrial purposes, as he found that certain manufacturers paid more for human bones than for those of animals. He had been earning money in this way for several years before he was detected and suspended from the post.

Crowded Highways.

The highways of the country are being used to a greater extent than ever before. The latest figures show the total number of cars registered in this country last year to be 7,565,446, including motorcycles and trucks. This is a 23 per cent increase over the previous year.

CAP and BELLS



A Vocalist Provoked.

"I knew there was going to be trouble as soon as the mule heard the honk of our new flivver," remarked Farmer Cornstossel, ruefully. "How did it affect the mule?" "Threw him into a fit of professional jealousy so violent that he backed up and kicked the rear transmission clear through the radiator."

Queer Attitude.

"His argument does not leave his opponent a leg to stand on." "That's odd. Why would he want a leg to stand on when it is all head work?"

Foiled.

"I hear Pete married a girl who is quite an embroidery expert." "And he always declared he would never marry any kind of designing female."



A BUSINESS MAN

"How much do you usually get for marrying people?" "Five dollars." "Anything off for cash?"

Avoided Mistakes.

There was a man who feared the show that trivial error makes. He never did a thing, and so Avoided all mistakes.

The Wisdom of George.

"Do you believe George Washington never told a lie?" "Well, he didn't after he married the widow anyhow; he knew he'd never get away with it."—Boston Transcript.

Expectations.

"Mr. Wampum, five years ago I did you out of \$10. I hope you don't feel resentful." "Not at all. How much are you going to do me for this time?"

They All Do.

"I've just been told that I'm not doing the right thing by my family." "Who dared to say such a thing to you?" "A life insurance agent."

Certain Ways.

"What are some of the quickest ways you know of to get up in the world?" "Get a job with an aviator or hit a mule on the off hind leg."

Co-respondents.

"My wife's affections have been hopelessly alienated." "By whom?" "By all of the handsome movie actors she sees."—Film Fun.

Fitting Food.

"That girl has a complexion like peaches and cream and lips like twin cherries." "Then no wonder they say she is sweet enough to eat."

A Doubtful Question.

"Is your candidate a good man?" "Yes, he's good, all right, but it remains to be seen if he is one of the elect."

Natural Register.

"Why do you ask me if the famous singing dog selects nautical songs?" "Because it is natural to think his bark is on the C's."

Nothing Like It.

"Is he your bete noir?" "No, indeed; on the contrary, I simply can't abide him or anything he does."

Publicity.

"All you need for success in business is persistent publicity." "I can't agree to that," replied Mr. Cumrox. "If publicity were the only requisite, the 'Sunshine River' everybody has been singing about would have had one real estate boom after another."

Accounting for It.

"I hear young Flyer is going to reform. They say he is dead broke." "I suppose that is the reason he wants to mend."

PRAGUE CITY OF PALACES

United States Minister Crane Lives in One of Them, Which He, Himself, Purchased.

Prague, capital of Czecho-Slovakia, is pre-eminently a city of palaces. As soon as one has crossed the Moldava by the old Charles bridge—the quaintest, most picturesque bridge in the world, with its gates flanked by towers and its group of beautiful statues adorning the parapet—one finds one's self in a quarter of the city entirely given to palaces, where in narrow old streets, crooked and grass grown, and about tranquil, silent squares rise the splendid facades of seigniorial dwellings.

When, following the signing of the peace, England, America, France and Italy were looking for quarters for their diplomatic representatives, these palaces were just what was needed for housing the legations, Raymond Recouly writes in Scribner's. France took over the palace belonging to the Buquoy, a Flemish family which came to Bohemia after the battle of La Montague Blanche and cast in their fortunes with those of the Hapsburgs.

The United States minister, Mr. Crane, has bought with his own money the magnificent palace of the Schonborn. The chateau is less beautiful, less elegant, perhaps, than the Buquoy palace, but the gardens are marvelous. They rise in terrace after terrace to a hill which overlooks the entire city. At the top are the tennis courts, where the diplomatic circle meets daily for afternoon tea.

The most strikingly original feature of Prague is the "Hradchany," an acropolis of towers, churches and palaces dominating the capital. From the time that Prague was reduced to a city of secondary importance the palaces of the "Hradchany" were practically abandoned. Now and then some archduke in disgrace, some prince in exile, would establish himself in one or another of them for a time. The ex-emperor Charles, while a student at the University of Prague, an archduke with apparently no chance of ever coming to the throne, lived there.

All these palaces, once abandoned, deserted, are today occupied by the president of the republic and the different ministers. President Masaryk received me in that same sumptuous drawing room which had once been the salon of the Emperor Charles.

Nature's Jewel Boxes.

The northwestern part of Uruguay is a newly discovered field for the production of amethysts, which occur in "geodes." The geodes, so plentiful that they are picked up in the fields, are carried on muleback or in carts to the nearest railway station and shipped in barrels to Salto, whence they are transported by river boat to Montevideo.

Naturally it will be asked, "what is a geode?" Originally, it was a hole in a rock. Water percolating through the rock deposited silica, making a lining for the cavity. The lining grew thicker and thicker, and after a long time, if the rock were broken or "weathered" to pieces, a hard nodule would drop out. The nodule is a geode; and if, as sometimes happens, the silica has formed crystals inside of it, colored by metallic salts, the geode is a little jewel box containing amethysts. A beautiful statuette, eight inches high, of a woman dancing, has recently been placed in the Morgan Gem hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York city. It is carved out of a perfect block of translucent sapphirine, blue quartz, from Uruguay.

An Odd Bull Fight.

President Obregon of Mexico has given his sanction to bull fighting by appearing one Sunday afternoon when Rodolfo Gaona and Ernesto Pastor fought jointly. He occupied a ring-side seat. When Pastor, playing the last bull, made what appeared to be a death thrust, the President arose to leave, and the band immediately struck up the national anthem. The bull, however, was not dead and started to charge. At the sound of the anthem he stopped in his tracks, lowered his head, and with Pastor standing at rigid attention not three feet from the bull's horns, the hymn was completed. A second later the bull tumbled over dead. Veteran fighters asserted the spectacle was the strangest ever seen in the Mexico City arena. —Brooklyn Eagle.

Give Gray Shaft to England.

Two residents of Stoke Poges have purchased the monument erected by one of the Penns to the Poet Gray, whose "Elegy" is better known than many a poem of greater worth. The donors are making the memorial a free gift to the public, with some land, which will prevent any building around it, and it is believed that the national trust fund is willing to hold the property. Such gifts are of international importance, and are heirlooms for those who, though they have never seen Stoke Poges, have watched in imagination "the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea."—Christian Science Monitor.

He'd Been Well Advised.

Mrs. Benham—You can't get Willie to bathe before breakfast. "Benham—No; he says he never washes his face on an empty stomach." —Kansas City Star.

Where to Draw the Line.

"A man should mind his own business," said Jud Tunkin, "but not to the extent that gets him to profiteering."

WARNING

Unless you see the name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for 21 years, and proved safe by millions.—Say "Bayer"!



SAFETY FIRST! Accept only an "unbroken package" of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," which contains proper directions for Headache, Earache, Toothache, Neuralgia, Colds, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, and pain generally. Strictly American!

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monocetate of Salicylic Acid.

Should Have Thought of That.
"When you married me you vowed that you would anticipate my every wish."
"Yes, but you know anticipations aren't always realized."

Garfield Tea, the incomparable laxative, pleasant to take, pure, mild in action and wonderfully health-giving.—Adv.

Early Observation.
The Teacher—What bird has been thought by some to bring sorrow and trouble to houses over which it hovered?
Robbie Multikids—The stork.

Knitters, Let's Have Wool in Balls.
How much time do the women knitters of the fashionable hand-made wool stocking spend winding yarn into balls?
English women are instigating a campaign designed to compel yarn manufacturers to wind wool into balls instead of skeins. The women figure the heel or toe of a stocking could be turned in the time it takes to hand-wind the yarn which is now universally sold in skeins.

Soot is doing serious damage to London's big buildings by eating away the stone.

Ask Your Dealer

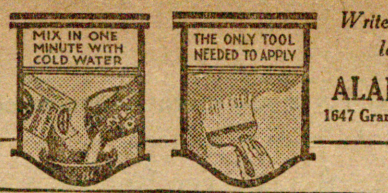


ASK your local dealer to recommend a practical decorator. If you are unable to secure one you can do the work yourself, tinting and stenciling your walls to give beautiful results.

Alabastine

instead of Kalsomine or Wall Paper

Buy Alabastine from your local dealer, white and a variety of tints, ready to mix with cold water and apply with a suitable brush. Each package has the cross and circle printed in red. By intermixing Alabastine tints you can accurately match draperies and rugs and obtain individual treatment of each room.



Write for special suggestions and latest color combinations
ALABASTINE COMPANY
1647 Grandville Ave. Grand Rapids, Mich.

End of a Perfect Day!
One tot at kindergarten had a habit of ending her stories with the remark, "And they lived happily ever after."

One day all were surprised to hear her conclude: "And the tiger ate her up, and she lived happily ever after."

WOMEN! USE "DIAMOND DYES"
Dye Old Skirts, Dresses, Waists, Coats, Stockings, Draperies—Everything.

Each package of "Diamond Dyes" contains easy directions for dyeing any article of wool, silk, cotton, linen, or mixed goods. Beware! Poor dye streaks, spots, fades, and ruins material by giving it a "dyed-look." Buy "Diamond Dyes" only. Druggist has Color Card.—Adv.

Who Knows?
A Manhattan dealer in whale meat explains that "the stuff tastes like a beefsteak cooked in clam broth and sugared." Now what does a beefsteak cooked in clam broth and sugared taste like?

Important to Mothers
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher* In Use for Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Like many other features of life that are criticized, marriage continues to be pretty general.

An Advantage for All.
This notice was posted on the schoolhouse door when the pupils arrived. "This school will be closed today, election day, so that the new citizens will have a chance to vote." "New citizens?" wondered a sixth grader. "I don't get that."

"Why the women teachers," scornfully explained a girl, standing near, "They get to vote this year." "Oh," the little fellow stood there a minute and then a triumphant light came into his eyes. "They'll close it every election day," he drawled and then his voice arose to a yell: "Hurrah for woman suffrage! Hurrah! Hurrah!"

Cuticura for Sore Hands.
Soak hands on retiring in the hot soda of Cuticura Soap, dry and rub in Cuticura Ointment. Remove surplus Ointment with tissue paper. This is only one of the things Cuticura will do if Soap, Ointment and Talcum are used for all toilet purposes.—Adv.

War Made World Smaller.
The idea of how ex-service men have scattered since the war is obtained from three Christmas cards a former Kansas ex-service man received from three army friends. One came from Japan, another from the Belgian Congo and a third from Johannesburg, South Africa.—Cap-pers Weekly.

Don't judge the railway company by the cigars sold on its trains.

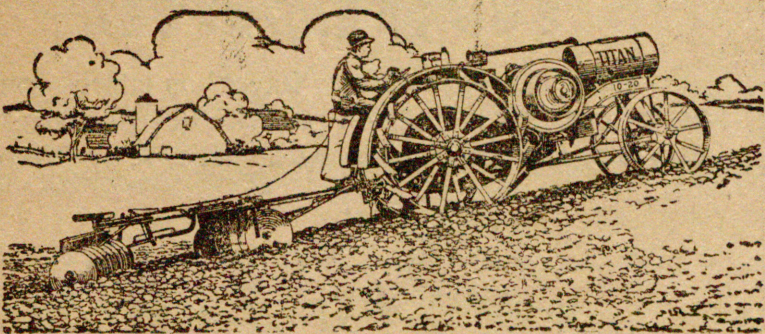
It's just as well to remember that it's always well to be just.

Kill That Cold With



Neglected Colds are Dangerous
Take no chances. Keep this standard remedy handy for the first sneeze. Breaks up a cold in 24 hours—Relieves Grippe in 3 days—Excellent for Headache
Quinine in this form does not affect the head—Cascara is best Tonic Laxative—No Opium in Hill's.

ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT



Help the Seeds

If a kernel of corn, or any other seed, could walk around your fields and choose a spot on which to grow, it certainly would avoid the clods and hard places. But seeds are very helpless things. If planted among clods or in stiff, hard soil, most of their energy must be spent in sowing out long roots, searching for available plant food. They cannot penetrate the clods and feed upon the plant food stored within.

International Tillage Tools Sold by International Dealers

Horse Disk Harrows	Spring-tooth Harrows
Tractor Disk Harrows	Closed-end Peg Harrows
Orchard Disk Harrows	Open-end Peg Harrows
Reversible Harrows	"Boss" Peg Harrows
Dunham Culti-Packers	Flexible Peg Harrows

Pulverize the clods and loosen the soil by using International Tillage Tools. It will speed up the growth of plants, increase the yield, make cultivation easy, and add to your profit.

International Tillage Tools are designed by men who have spent most of their lives helping farmers to bigger yields—men who know what a good seed-bed is and just what it takes to make one. It pays to use such tools.

Our new Tillage catalog is one you will enjoy reading. It is ready when you are.

FRANK MALL LUMBER CO.

**A Year To Pay At Next Spring's
Lowest Price**

Buy A 10-20 Titan Now!

No need of waiting. We will give you a written guarantee to pay you the difference if the price is reduced.

The Titan has led the 3-Plow Tractor field for the past five years.

Farmers have bought over \$70,000,000 worth of TITANS.

We Can Show You Why.

HEUSNER, MAGER and GEUTHER
Frankfort, Illinois

Tractor and Automobile on the Farm

Wallis—America's Foremost Tractor—has won the approval of leading automotive dealers. It bears the stamp of quality on every detail of construction. Its performance both on the farm and in competition has placed it in a position of leadership in its class.

In the International Tractor Demonstration held recently by the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Wallis Tractor was awarded first prize and gold medal in the three bottom plow class. The engineers who made the award—men of high professional standing—expressed whole-hearted approval of Wallis' performance.

On thousands of farms throughout the country, Wallis power means "more acres per hour." The ideal combination of great strength with light weight enables it to operate under the most difficult and trying conditions. You will appreciate the many Wallis features such as U-shaped frame, cut and hardened steel gears, enclosed dust proof construction, and non-friction bearings. The Wallis Tractor is "thoroughly engineered" down to the smallest detail.

Hentsch & Hellmuth, Mokena

Grapeshot and Canister.

Grapeshot was a bunch of pellets about the size of grapes, held together in a canvas bag, or by an iron pin and a series of iron plates containing holes in which the shot rested. Canister consisted of a number of cast iron balls, a half to one inch in diameter, which were contained in one shell. Both were used in the Civil war.

A Lost Art.

An old shepherd who has just died in a village a few miles from here was unable to count beyond three. Nevertheless, he had charge of large flocks of sheep and could tell not merely when one was missing, but which particular animal had disappeared. The old man was unwilling to explain how he did it, and the secret had died with him.—Leighton Buzzard correspondence, London Daily Mail.

Origin of Word "Doll" Obscure.

The origin of the word "doll" is obscure, but the common explanation frequently given that the word is an abbreviation of "idol" or "idol" is said by the best authorities to be certainly wrong. It is thought probable that the word is derived from Doll or Dolly, diminutives of the woman's name, "Dorothy," which in Greek signifies the gift of God; hence the idea of a gift to a child for a plaything.

Australia's Climate.

A word should correct the impression, too prevalent, that Australia is a continent of untempered heat throughout a torrid year. It would be strange if a continent of Australia's size could not show every variety of climate. In Sydney's hot months, for example, a few hours' journey by train will take you to the heights of the Blue mountains, where nights that clamor for the warmth of a wood fire temper the hot, dry sunshine of perfect days.—Exchange.

Foxy Papa.

"What did the bride's father do for the happy couple?" "He bought their railroad tickets." "Ah!" "But the happy pair didn't discover until after they got on the train that their tickets read only one way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

That day, which occurs three days later, was written by Dryden in an ode which "are to be found in an ode which those well-known and often quoted lines: "None but the brave deserve the crown."—The Post Dryden.

Made Levy of Goose Feathers.

Six feathers from the wings of every goose in their counties, was the war levy King Henry V made upon the lord lieutenants of English counties when about to make war upon France in 1417. The feathers were needed for the arrows of the archers, the infantrymen of the day.

Wholesale Joy in Labor.

The joy that comes to us in the knowledge that we can labor, that we can fill a niche in this busy world, is enough to compensate us for the effort. On our ability to labor depends our existence, contentment and happiness.

A Record Holder.

A small boy, born in a Turkish harem, is said to have 48 stepmothers living. Our office boy, however, is still undefeated in the matter of recently defunct grandmothers.—London Punch.

Savages Use Iron Ore.

Explorers have been astonished to find in the wilds of Africa savages acquainted with the getting of iron from the ore and working it. To smelt the ore they use a primitive furnace of baked mud, with charcoal for fuel and bellows to obtain the required temperature. It seems altogether likely that the knowledge of these processes was originally derived in prehistoric days from the Arabs and Phoenicians, who then, as in later times, overran most of Africa.

400 Sorts of Silk Worms.

There are more than four hundred different cocoons, and although the great majority of these are valueless from a commercial point of view, there are five kinds which are domesticated and several others which, though wild, have their cocoons collected for the sake of their silk.

The Man They Remember.

Women prefer a good man, one who is resolute, noble and self-sacrificing. But they are likely to grow tired of him. On the other hand, their interest in a "bad man" never lags.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Communing With Himself.

One day while mother went to town Bobby was left in grandma's care, who, always being alone, had developed the habit of thinking aloud. After watching her going about her work, talking to herself the while, Bobby innocently asked: "Is you tellin' yourself somethin', grandma?"

Island's Fine Climate.

The island of Majorca, one of the Balearic isles off the coast of Spain in the Mediterranean sea, is believed to have the finest climate in the world. The temperature remains practically stationary at 76 degrees and breezes blow constantly.

Great Zinc Resources in Canada.

In the opinion of expert authorities, Canada could increase its production of zinc to supply one-tenth of the world's demand, which is estimated at more than 1,000,000 tons annually.

Refers to Rail Bird.

The saying "thin as a rail" does not refer to a fence rail, as is commonly supposed, but to the bird known as a rail. The rails, of which there are several species in this country, live in marshes and have extremely compressed bodies so that they may thread their way between reeds and rushes.



WE OFFER YOU
Skill, tempered with judgment—knowledge ripened by long experience, prompt and efficient service in fitting and making glasses to suit you.

TRY US

Smith & McGuire
Opticians
51 Arroyo Bldg., Van Buren St.

PUBLIC NOTICE

I, the undersigned will be at the Orland State Bank the following dates:—

Saturday, February 19.

Saturday, February 26.

Saturday, March 5.

At the Bremen State Bank, February 25, 1921.

At the Mokena State Bank, March 1, 1921.

C. A. STIENHAGEN

Tax Collector

PEOPLE OF OUR TOWN



Hope blooms Eternal in the Spring and so do Weeds, which is why the Enthusiastic Gardener is Going To It so Hard. Let a Single Lil' Spear of Grass raise its Head and he Massacres it. Later, when the Automobiling gets Good, he will Consult that Sterling Work, "How to Tell the Garden Truck from the Weeds."

HOG CHOLERA—THREE FORMS—SYMPTOMS AND PREVENTION.

Great losses result each year throughout the United States from hog cholera, especially in the corn and cotton sections. It is an acute infectious disease of hogs, and the infection spreads rapidly, making strict preventive measures imperative wherever symptoms occur.

Hog cholera appears in three forms: Per acute, where the hogs are found dead, having shown no symptoms before death; acute, where symptoms are evident for four or five days; and the chronic form, where the hog has apparently recovered from the acute form, but still gives evidence of the infection.

Where the per acute cholera is evident, any hog quartered near the dead animal should be vaccinated immediately by a graduate and licensed veterinarian and a post-mortem examination of the dead animal made to ascertain to a certainty that cholera was the cause of death.

Symptoms of Acute and Chronic Cholera.

Acute cholera usually lasts from four to five days. The hog loses appetite, shows inclination to roost under its bedding, arches its back, knuckles the rear fetlock, shows a high temperature, and emits a discharge from the eyes that frequently glues them shut. Frequently a discharge from the nose is evident. Diarrhea may or may not be present. Red spots appear on the abdomen and the hog breathes with difficulty.

The chronic form of cholera is a prolongation of the acute, after the animal has apparently passed the stage of acute, but the symptoms will still show and the animal may live several weeks or months, but will never do well after recovering.

Treatment and Prevention.

Treatment is rarely of any value after the disease has developed. As a preventive measure all hogs should be vaccinated by a graduate, licensed veterinarian, and separated from all other animals, to check the spread of infection.

Sometimes, it is impossible to diagnose the disease in a live hog, and in such cases a post-mortem should be conducted by a veterinarian.

Hog cholera may be frequently confused with mixed infection, swine plague, or other diseases.

After cholera has been found among hogs, every place where they are kept should be considered as infected with cholera, and at any time afterwards when other hogs are brought into such premises they should first be vaccinated.

ORLAND.

Leonard Beagley, who has been in Alpha, Minn., for about 15 months, returned last Saturday to visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Beagley. Louis Hartpen, a friend of Leonard's, came back with him to spend a few weeks.

If you know of any item of news, give it to Rev. Mr. Brown, the News-Bulletin correspondent in Orland. We will appreciate it. Help make the Orland column a real newsy one.

GREEN GARDEN.

Mrs. Donald Storm of New Lenox entertained a company of young folks Friday evening at a surprise farewell party at the country home of her cousin, Miss Evelyn Burmeister. Bundo was played. Prizes were won by Eugene Walsh, George Bobzin, Miriam Balchowsky and Mrs. Harry Schmuhl. Ice cream and cake were served at midnight.

Miss Burmeister, with her parents, will move to their new home at 215 Grover street, Joliet, after March first.

Charles Bobzin moved onto his father-in-law's farm Monday.

TINLEY PARK

TO ORGANIZE LADIES' AID.

A meeting was held Thursday of this week at the local parsonage of the German M. E. church, for the purpose of organizing a Ladies' Aid society, the first society of its kind ever to be organized by the church mentioned.

CELEBRATE BIRTHDAY.

A company of relatives and friends gathered at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Carl Goebel Sunday, to celebrate Mrs. Goebel's birthday. A fine time was enjoyed.

TO ATTEND CONVENTION.

A number of members of the Epworth league of the German M. E. church, are going to attend the Epworth league convention, to be held at Michigan City, Ind., next Thursday.

On February 24th, the Epworth league of the German M. E. church, will conduct a social at the Adam Keuch home. Invitation cards are being sent out. A good time is anticipated.

Services at the German M. E. church next Sunday at the usual hour. Epworth league meeting at 7:30 p. m.

The highways are getting to be very muddy. A number of autos were stuck in the miry roads Sunday, and farmers were called upon to drag the mired cars out.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Edward Smith on Sunday, a daughter.

Taxes Due!

I will be at the following places to collect taxes:

Bremen State Bank, Saturday Feb. 19, 26 and March 5, 1921.

Oak Forest, at Joe Wolf's Hall, Feb. 21

Posen Place, at John Zerzawski Feb. 23 and 24, 1921.

Robbins, at the village hall Feb. 28.

Middleton, at Woerheider Store, March 8, 1921.

Blue Island, at L. C. Groskopf's place, March 3, 1921.

Herman Siemsen, Collector

FRANKFORT.

HOME IMPROVEMENT CLUB MEETS.

The Frankfort Home Improvement club was entertained Thursday at the home of Mrs. C. H. Balchowsky. There was a good attendance. The program was on colonial costumes, etc.

MOKENA.

JUST ABOUT PEOPLE.

Miss Rath Niethammer has sent cards to Mokena friends telling of her arrival in California, and describing the country as very beautiful. She reports a very fine trip.

Mrs. Fred Foss, who has been quite ill, is improving nicely.

Miss Amelia Duncan, who has been quite indisposed, is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Roemer and son of Tinley Park have been visiting at the home of Mrs. Roemer's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Adam Barenz.

Miss Ollie Young of Chicago is visiting with Mokena friends.

Robert, little son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Liess, was taken ill quite suddenly the past week. His throat and head commenced to swell and he had a high temperature. The cause of the strange malady has not been discovered. He is somewhat better.

Nicholas, Marti is somewhat improved and is undergoing treatments at the Sunny Brook Farm sanitarium at Fox Lake, Ill.

Sunday Rev W. J. Kemnitz and family were the guests of the Henry Fink family at New Lenox.

Edward Warner, who has been visiting with the Fred Nerner and John Wannemacher family and other relatives and friends the past few weeks, has returned to his home in Welcome, Minn., the past week.

NEW PUMP BEING INSTALLED.

The new pump is being installed at the new village pumping station. The

new pumping station will be in operation shortly.

TO ENTERTAIN CLUB.

The Home Improvement club will be entertained on February 24th, at the home of Mrs. D. M. Lockwood.

ENTERTAINS SOCIETY.

Mrs. Joe Kolber entertained the Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church last Thursday, Mrs. John Gilmore assisting.

FAREWELL PARTY.

A company of friends and neighbors gathered at a farewell party, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Clyde, Saturday night. The Ladies' Aid society of the M. E. church of which Mrs. Clyde is a member, presented the host and hostess with a cut-glass vase and a bouquet of flowers. Mr. and Mrs. Clyde will move on a farm near Elwood. Their many friends here are sorry to see them leave, but wish them much success in their new location.

Albert Hodell attended the funeral of his friend, Gottlieb Holdermann, held at Joliet Sunday.

The fire insurance adjuster called at the Mokena State bank to adjust the loss recently sustained by the fire. Work on repairing the damaged interior has been begun. The board of directors of this bank met last week and decided to have an addition built to the bank. The new addition is to be added to the north side of the building on the site of the old directors' room which was gutted by the recent fire. The new addition will be a big improvement, as the old directors' room was quite small.

The village board will meet in monthly session next Wednesday night.

IMMANUEL LUTHERAN CHURCH NOTES.

Thursday evening will not be forgotten so soon by all those who attended services at the Lutheran Immanuel church. After the services the Rev. G. Bauer of Chicago Heights, addressed the congregation, exhorting all to continue in their splendid work in the vineyard of the Lord, confessing the crucified Savior in word and deed unreservedly, uncompromisingly and unflinchingly. It is the honest endeavor of the Lutheran church at all times to follow the words of Paul: "Not to know anything among you, save Christ and Him Crucified." Services next Sunday at 10:30 in the German language. English Lenten services next Thursday, February 24, at 7:30 p. m. Topic: "Plato's Judgment Hall." Come and bring your friends.

Strange Stunts With Tadpoles.

Tadpoles fed on extract of the thyroid gland develop through the various stages of their metamorphoses into frogs very rapidly, but they do not grow in size; when their own thyroids are suppressed—by cauterization or excision—or when they are fed on extracts of the thyroid gland they grow to great size, but never develop into frogs, remaining nothing but giant tadpoles all their lives.

Origin of Fireworks.

It may be assumed that we really owe fireworks to the Florentines and Sieneese. They began their feasts of St. John the Baptist and the Assumption with wooden edifices, adorned with painted statues, and from the mouth and eyes of which issued a beautiful fire. Dragons, swans, eagles, etc., built on such a large scale as to carry many persons, were also made to emit amusing fireworks.

Device Overcomes Sleeplessness.

No one need suffer from sleeplessness any longer. A device has been invented which, it is claimed, will send the worst case of insomnia to the land of nod in a few minutes. The machine, which in appearance is rather complicated, consists of a number of discs which, when the starting handle is moved, rotate in opposite directions. All that the sufferer has to do is to keep his eyes on the discs as they turn, until after a short spell of watching he gradually sinks into a sound sleep.

Kid Raising for Gloves.

Before the war the peasants of many a little village made a living by raising kid to supply the gloves for which France has long been famous. The perfection of the skins is considered by the French manufacturers to be the keynote of the perfect gloves. Their method is to have one workman handle the prepared kid from the time it is brought in until the gloves which are shaped from that kid are entirely finished.

Meteors.

A meteor is a sudden luminous phenomenon, as of a star or bright body in rapid motion through the air, produced by a small mass of matter perhaps from the celestial spaces striking the air with planetary velocity, and suffering heating, dissipation, or combustion. Before encountering the earth they travel in their own orbits.

Those Who Are Gone.

Those who are gone you have. Those who departed loving you love you still; and you love them always. They are not really gone—those dear hearts and true—they are only gone into the next room; and you will presently get up and follow them, and yonder door will be closed upon you, and you will be no more seen.—W. M. Thackeray.

DO YOU WANT \$10?

It is easy to earn-just get 10 yearly subscriptions at \$2 per year to the

NEWS-BULLETIN

Keep \$10 and send us the other \$10. Is not this easy commission money? You know it is.

This is the most Liberal Offer Made by Any Newspaper. Tinley Park and Orland are doing good work.

New Lenox, Mokena and Frankfort are still open territory for a real live hustler. 20 per cent commission on single subscriptions

A Weekly Market Report Is a new feature of this Paper

**WE DO ALL KINDS OF JOB
PRINTING AT RIGHT
PRICES**

MOTHER'S COOK BOOK by Nellie Maxwell

Rest is not idleness, and to lie sometimes on the grass under the trees on a summer's day, listening to the murmur of water, or watching the clouds float across the sky, is by no means waste of time.—Lord Avebury.

EVERYDAY FOOD.

IT IS not a difficult problem to arrange a meal for some occasion and have it both good and unusual; but the daily meal preparation does become a burden sometimes when economy, variety, wholesomeness and digestibility all enter into the problem.

Leftover Salt Mackerel With Potato Balls.

Cut enough pared potatoes into quarters to fill a pint cup. Turn into a saucepan, cover with boiling water

and one cupful of flaked leftover mackerel in the center of the potato dish, above the water in dish or steamer. Let cook until the potatoes are tender, drain and press them through a ricer, heap over the fish, add a teaspoonful of butter, a few dashes of black pepper, one egg beaten light and shape into balls. Fry at once in deep fat. Serve with lettuce or cabbage salad.

Pacific Salad.

One cupful of spaghetti broken in bits and boiled; one good sized stalk of celery cut in bits, two green peppers cut fine from which the seeds and white membrane have been removed; two sweet cucumber pickles, cut in thin slices, and plenty of good boiled salad dressing.

(© 1921, Western Newspaper Union.)

THE WOODS

BY DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE LETTER.

I CAN'T tell you, girl, how I love you—it is something the woods never teach; I can lie all the night and think of you, but I can't put the matter in speech—But it's love like the blue skies above you that round the whole universe reach.

It is love that is wide as the arches of stars from the east to the west; It is love that is long as the marches of sunrise to sunset and rest; It is love that is strong as the larches that mount to earth's uttermost crest.

In the woods we are rougher than others you know in the parlors of town; To the wolf and the wild we are brothers, we are kin to the creatures of brown; It is long since we crept to our mothers and slept on our pillows of down.

For we sleep in the huts of the humble and we live on a sturdier fare; And the music we hear is the rumble of thunders of earth and of air; Where the pine and the tamarack tumble and the pathway of progress prepare.

Yet this land is the land of the lover, the place for a love such as mine; Oh, sweet is the scent of the clover, but strong is the heart of the pine; Love's cup in the town bubbles over, but here it is purple as wine.

We live and we love and we labor up here on a mightier scale; To the north and the night we are neighbors, we are kin of the star and the gale; The lightning it threatens with its sabre, the northwind it stings with its hail; And the heart of the man is made stronger with the strength of the thing that he fights, And the love of his heart is made longer by the length of the loneliest nights—For the lover whose heart is a hunger longs most for a lover's delights.

The fellow away from the city the tricks of the city forgets; He can't say the thing that is witty, he can't breathe his soul in reserve; He can't say the thing that is pretty to please the pink ear of coquettes.

For the bigness of life is about him, the bigness of heaven and star; Though the city runs onward without him, forgetting the things that are; When he speaks let no cleverness doubt him, for he speaks of the things as they are.

And this is the love that I bring you, the love of the man out-of-doors; And this is the song that I sing you, the song that the nightingale pours; The song that the nightingale sings you from eventide's musical shores.

The shepherd boy carols his meter, and follows the feet of the herds; The song of the skylark is fleetest because of the absence of words; Is the language of mortals the sweeter, more sweet than the music of birds?

My lips they may tremble to say it, however my pulses may beat; The tale that I tell you may weigh it and find it a tale incomplete—But here is my heart, and I lay it, all voiceless and mute, at your feet.

I can't tell you, girl, the old story, embellished with city-bred lies; The tale that a planet grown hoary still hears with the oldest surprise—But the night is all starshine and glory because I have looked in your eyes.

The night is all starshine and splendor up here in the tamarack lands; The night is all moonlight and tender because of the touch of your hands—And your eyes they may widen with wonder, but I know that your heart understands.

(Copyright.)

A Mere Trifle.

Physician—You have a broken leg, three fractured ribs, a dislocated arm and bruises and abrasions too numerous to mention. Your injuries will keep you in bed at least two months.

Mr. Flopper (the movie hero)—Two months nothing! I can sleep them off in twenty-four hours.—Film Fun.

MILITANT MARY

I'm not belligerent; in fact, I love TRANQUILLITY. But when there's trouble, UNCLE SAM KNOWS HE CAN COUNT ON ME!



Something to Think About THE JOB AND THE MAN

By F. A. Walker

ONE of the greatest troubles with the average man is that he does not get excited frequently enough. Excitement is only MULTIPLIED ENTHUSIASM.

The man who lacks enthusiasm doesn't get far, whatever road he travels.

One of the chief faults of a snail is that it never has the sensation of excitement.

It crawls along in a seemingly aimless fashion, and having reached the nowhere for which it was headed, it stops to contemplate its effectiveness.

Nobody is ever interested in a snail, and only the dullard copies him.

If you want to see enthusiasm and excitement in animal life, watch an ant. Everything interests him. Everything has a meaning for him. Everything he sees or feels is a matter of investigation and study.

He is excited all the time and accomplishes something every minute.

Every boy and every man ought to be excited about what he is doing. He should be so intensely interested in it, so thoroughly in love with the task and its accomplishment, that its finish should find him thrilled with enthusiasm.

Can you imagine Edison working without enthusiasm and excitement?

Can you conceive the feverish eagerness with which Galileo worked through the night on that first crude telescope and with what excitement he took his first look through it toward the far-off stars? Yet that telescope was not as powerful as the opera glass you carry to the theater.

Can you imagine with what excitement Mme. Curie looked upon the first tiny speck of radium which she had distilled from the tons of material which concealed it?

THE GLORY OF LABOR IS ITS ACCOMPLISHMENT.

The real wages of work is the satisfaction of production.

The man who makes a machine of himself, who finds no interest and no basis of enthusiasm in his daily task is little better than the ox.

There is no labor so menial and no task so hard that it has not in it a reason for enthusiasm.

The scrub woman whose knees are calloused and whose arms ache from her lowly labors may still find a distinct pleasure and an actual enthusiasm when she sees the glistening cleanliness accomplished by her hands.

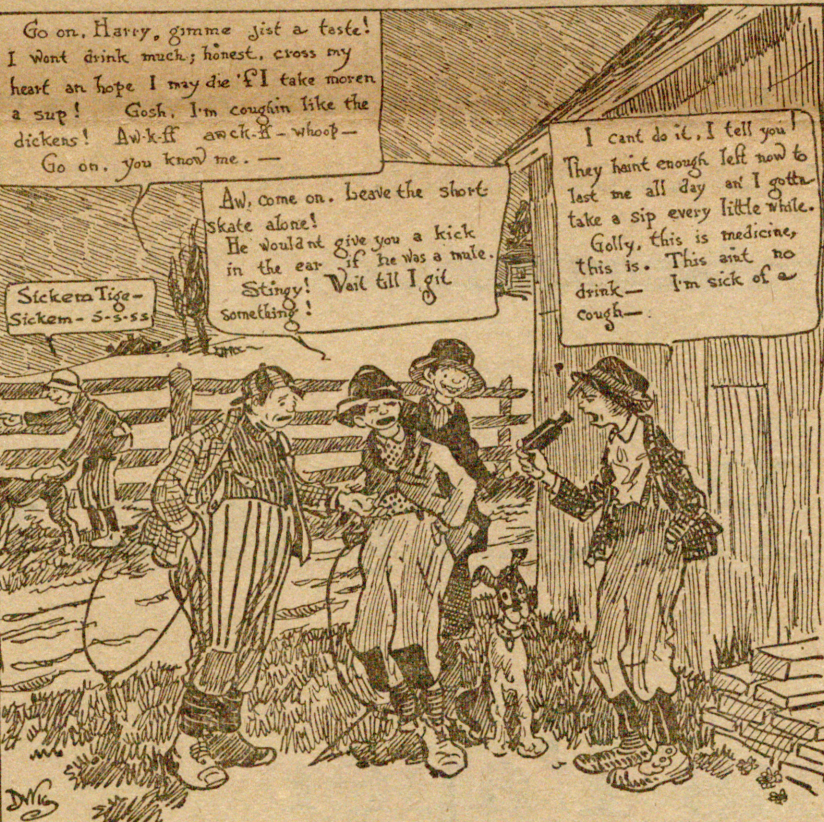
The teamster can be enthusiastic about his horses and his wagon. The office boy can get excited about the rush of business where he is employed. Everybody has some reason to get enthusiastic and excited about their work. If they have no reason they are either following the wrong vocation or they are looking on the world and its doings with distorted vision.

If your present work doesn't enthrall you, if you cannot get excited and happy about it, find something else to do. Get another job. Find something that will stir you up and rouse your mind and hurry your fingers and leave you, when the day is done, anxious for tomorrow and the bigger accomplishment that it will make possible.

Don't be content to be a snail. A SNAIL NEVER GETS ANYWHERE.

(Copyright.)

SCHOOL DAYS



Hoarhound coughsyrup

THE GIRL ON THE JOB

How to Succeed—How to Get Ahead—How to Make Good

By JESSIE ROBERTS

WOMEN IN BANKS

THE big banks and trust companies are beginning to put women into important positions. And the girl just out of college who is looking for a job may find it well worth her while to interview a banker as to getting a start. She will have to begin at the bottom, but she stands an excellent chance to get well up to the top.

Take the case of a woman who has recently been made assistant secretary to the New York Trust company. Her special work will be to assist the clients of the company to prepare their personal budgets, and to advise minors in the charge of the company how best to manage their allowances. There is a real opportunity for women who are capable of it to do very valuable and well-paid work in this line.

Another woman is employed by the Guaranty Trust company in the capacity of bond salesman. She is as yet one of the very few women who are making a success in this business, but her opinion is that it is a work women can do well.

Any girl who has a leaning toward finance will be wise to specialize in some good school. She is advised to take a job in some financial house at the same time that she is taking her course at night school. Her job will probably be a small one, but it will

help out her theoretical work immensely to be in actual touch with conditions in a financial office or bank.

There is a dignity about work of this sort that appeals to many girls who have graduated from college and who do not want to enter the ordinary office. What is more, it holds out fine possibilities. But it requires a type of mind that is not found in every woman. If you have the gift, and get the training, you now stand a good chance of finding full opportunity to go as far as your capacities permit. Prejudice against women in this field is rapidly disappearing.

(Copyright.)

Toys of Past Ages.

The earliest toys of the ancients which have been recovered and preserved are those of the Egyptians. One of the most interesting of these is the figure of what looks like a ram crudely carved in stone, with six perfectly formed cloth sacks piled on its back as a load. The sacks are filled with sand. The toy was found during an excavation by a party sent out by the Metropolitan Museum of Art at Huk-dair-el-Bahri. It is a relic of the Eleventh Dynasty, about 2160 B. C. Another find, of the Twelfth Dynasty, about 1788 B. C., consists of three very crude dolls. All are of wood, flat, thin and of the most simple design, merely suggesting the outline of a dressed figure.

Revised History.

"Why did Washington cross the Delaware?"

"Please, teacher, he wanted to go to Atlantic City."—Boston Transcript.



POULTRY

BEST FOWLS FOR BACK YARD

American Breeds, Such as Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes and Orpingtons, Are Recommended.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Hens of the medium-sized breeds—Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Rhode Island Reds and Orpingtons—are best suited to back-yard conditions. Large hens kept in close confinement are likely to get too fat to lay well. Small, nervous hens are apt to develop such vices as egg eating and feather eating. The bad tendencies mentioned do not prohibit the keeping of large and small breeds in small back yards, but make it necessary for the keeper to use extraordinary care to keep them in good condition and productive. White and light-colored varieties are not desirable for small back yards, because their plumage soils too easily.

As a rule it is most satisfactory to buy hens of a local poultry keeper or dealer in live poultry. Desirable small flocks are frequently offered by people who are obliged by change of work or of residence to sell their poultry. Dealers in live poultry everywhere sort out from their general receipts the hens that show good breeding and quality to sell to back-yard poultry keepers. When satisfactory stock cannot be obtained locally, the advertising columns of poultry papers, agricultural papers or newspapers that carry poultry advertising should be consulted, and the hens bought from the nearest breeder who can supply what is wanted at a reasonable price.

For the back-yard flock kept to produce eggs only it is not necessary to have hens of extra good standard quality. What breeders of standard poultry call choice utility hens are as good as any for egg production and cost but little more than ordinary mongrels. Hens of this grade in the medium-sized breeds are usually a little under standard weights and have superficial faults—as unsoundness of color, or irregularity of markings, or of the shape of the comb—which in no way affect their laying capacity, but make them



Dual-Purpose Hens Are Best Suited for Back Yard Conditions.

unfit for exhibition and undesirable for breeding purposes.

When buying hens in person, particular attention should be given to general condition—whether the bird seems vigorous and lively—and to the appearance of the comb and the condition of the feet. Healthy hens have bright red combs and bright eyes, say poultry specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. A slight paleness of the comb is simply an indication that the hen is not laying at the time; but a bird whose comb has either a yellowish or a bluish cast should be rejected, for these are symptoms of internal disorders. The skin and scales of legs and toes should be smooth and the soles of the feet soft and free from corns.

BETTER Sires FOR BANTAMS

Culpeper County (Virginia) Farmer Raises Purebreds From Chickens to Dairy Cattle.

From bantam chickens to Holstein cattle is the range of live stock on the farm of Sam Sullivan & Sons, who recently enrolled in the "Better Sires—Better Stock" movement that is being directed by the United States Department of Agriculture. This farm, which is located in Culpeper county, Virginia, raises Holstein cattle, Duroc-Jersey swine, Rhode Island White chickens, White Holland turkeys, white guinea fowls, Cochon bantams, and Muscovy ducks.

Purebred horses also are kept on this farm, but no stallion is maintained. In accordance with the requirements of the better-sires movement, which is aimed to improve the average quality of farm live stock, all of the stock listed is bred to purebred sires.

EGGS FROM GEESSE IN WINTER

Good Plan to Arrange So That Goslings Will Be Hatched by Time There Is Good Pasture.

Geese are fed a ration to produce eggs during the latter part of the winter, so that the goslings will be hatched by either hens or geese. Some breeders prefer to raise all the goslings under hens, as geese sometimes become difficult to manage when allowed to hatch and rear their young. The period of incubation of geese eggs varies from 28 to 30 days.

ILLINOIS State News

Rockford.—The Winnebago county board of supervisors adopted a resolution urging the legislature to repeal the law which puts the collection of taxes entirely in the hands of the county treasurer and asking the restoration of the office of township tax collector.

Bloomington.—Because the new state's attorney, Lester H. Martin, is making a war on gamblers, threatening messages have been sent him to the effect that if he does not cease this prosecution gangs of thugs will be brought into McLean county to terrorize the natives.

Chicago.—Delegates to the good roads convention held here went to Harvey to witness a test of speed between a steam road roller and a gasoline-driven roller. The gas vehicle established a world's record by winning the half-mile race in 6:58½. The races were held down the main street of Harvey. Mayor Matt Stobbs of Harvey was the starter.

La Crosse, Wis.—Two Chicago-Minneapolis mail air pilots and a mechanic were burned to death in their airplane, northward bound. Their tragic fate adds three names to the death toll of the German-made JLG all-metal monoplanes in the United States air service, making the total to date seven men. Pilots W. L. Carroll, Minneapolis; Arthur Rowe of Chicago, and Mechanic Robert B. Hill of Havana, Ill., were the victims. Their bodies were incinerated before they could be rescued.

Springfield.—Condition of winter wheat in Illinois continues generally good, says the semi-monthly report on crop conditions in Illinois prepared by S. D. Fessenden, government agricultural statistician. He adds: "The acreage of new clover appears to be somewhat larger than last year; it has started well and is in excellent shape. The supply of farm labor at present is in excess of the demand at the wages asked. Some plowing has been done since the middle of the month in several counties."

Carlinville.—Manford Beavers, a farmer residing near here, was so busy last fall with his numerous duties that his potato patch was neglected and the crop remained in the ground. Beavers just remembered he had planted the crop and thrust a hoe in the ground to take a look at the "spoiled" vegetables. However, the mild winter had scarcely affected them and he is now busy gathering his 1920 crop.

Springfield.—The mere fact that a safe is locked does not perturb modern yeggs, even if they do not happen to have their supply of nitro along. Burglars entered the safe drink parlor of Patrick Allen here, apparently without supply of explosives, and found the safe "secure." The rear door was opened, the cash container lifted upon a vehicle of unknown description and a getaway was made. Allen is out about \$1,200 in cash and other valuables—and the safe.

Carlinville.—Police powers will be given a local Red Cross nurse who is making a tour of the city administering medical aid to sick children. The work has been greatly hindered by the refusal of many parents to allow the nurse to enter their homes, not understanding the full meaning of her mission. In many cases, it is believed, this has been the case, where aid was badly needed so the power of police to give her access to enter all homes, was asked by the board of health.

Belleville.—Farmers in St. Clair county are praying for cold weather to prevent the visitation of a grasshopper plague in midwinter, the St. Clair county farm bureau says. During the last few days it is said that billions of young grasshoppers have been hatched from their eggs on St. Clair county farms, and they are not only covering the plants on the wheat fields and on meadows, but the rails and boards on fences are literally covered with them. The hatching of the eggs is due to the mild weather and the only thing that could exterminate the grasshopper would be a severe cold spell.

Chicago.—Joseph C. Mason, administrative auditor during the Lowden administration, has gone into the general insurance business in Chicago, with James A. Short, chief factory inspector. Both have a wide circle of acquaintances in Chicago and downstate. Mr. Mason was one of the best known newspaper men in Chicago for years. He was connected with the Deneen administration as secretary and chief examiner of the state civil service commission. In that capacity and as administrative auditor, he obtained a wide knowledge of the state service. He tendered his resignation and retired upon the inauguration of Governor Small.

Sterling.—Wolves have become so numerous and have caused such havoc in sheep flocks and poultry yards that many Whiteside county farmers are taking down their "no trespassing" signs and allowing hunters to hunt the animals on their farms.

Springfield.—The Supreme court held the People's Gas Light and Coke company of Chicago liable for \$20,249 court costs incurred by the Cook county master in chancery in investigating the company's alleged unfair tax assessment of 1909. The costs were at first assessed against the city.

Back Given Out?

There's surely some reason for that lame, aching back. Likely it's your kidneys. A cold or strain oftentimes congests the kidneys and slows them up. That may be the reason for that aching backache, those sharp pains that tired, worn-out feeling. You may have headaches and dizzy spells, too, with annoying bladder irregularity. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands. Ask your neighbor!

An Illinois Case

Thomas B. Walker, 11324 Forrestville Ave., Pullman, Ill., says: "My kidneys acted irregularly and I had to get up several times during the night. Mornings my back was sore and lame and I could hardly dress myself. All through the day it pained me. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended and I began using them. After I had used two boxes of Doan's I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

A National Fault.

"Extravagance," said Senator Cummins at a dinner, "is at the root of most of our ills. We Americans are the most extravagant people on earth." Senator Cummins smiled.

"How many of us," he went on, "are like the young Newlyweds at heart?" "Young Mr. and Mrs. Newlywed are in a dreadful predicament," a chap said at a club.

"Yes? How so?" said another chap.

"Why, you see, they paid so much for their going-away outfits that they can't go away!"

Would lessons in good manners printed in big red letters on the billboards go a great way?

Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELLANS Hot wafer Sure Relief

BELLANS FOR INDIGESTION

It's toasted

LUCKY STRIKE
cigarette. Flavor is sealed in by toasting

The American Cigarette Co.

MAN'S BEST AGE

A man is as old as his organs; he can be as vigorous and healthy at 70 as at 35 if he aids his organs in performing their functions. Keep your vital organs healthy with

GOLD MEDAL HARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles since 1896; corrects disorders; stimulates vital organs. All druggists, three sizes. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation



Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
CARBOLATED
PETROLEUM JELLY

A clean counter-irritant for scratches, cuts, etc. Healing and antiseptic. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

CHESEBROUGH MFG CO
(CONSOLIDATED)
State Street New York

W. N. U., CHICAGO, NO. 8-1921.

BOY SCOUTS

(Conducted by National Council of the Boy Scouts of America.)

HONOR FOR BRAVE SCOUT

The fact that nearly a hundred medals have been awarded to boy scouts by the national court of honor of the Boy Scouts of America during the past year for conspicuous service in life saving is evidence that the "Be Prepared" idea is working. George Noble, assistant scoutmaster of Troop 2, Charlton, Ia., won the gold medal for a feat of real heroism which he modestly describes in the following manner:

"Last summer I traveled with a detachment of 'Hearts of the World.' We showed the picture two days in Rock Rapids and were preparing to go down to Orange City with the film. I loaded the machines and films in my car and started cross country while the rest waited for the train. On my way I noticed that there was a fire a mile or so ahead and hurried on to see if I could be of any assistance.

"On arriving I found that two children were still in the burning house. Being a scout, I simply did my duty to try to rescue them. The first trip upstairs I found the girl overcome with smoke. I wrapped her in some bed-clothing and took her downstairs to safety, then went back after the boy. I was unable to locate him, and had to go back down to get more information from the other people. Having gotten the information I went back into the house and started up the stairs, which gave way as I was near the top. I was able to catch hold of a beam that held my weight, and then it was just a matter of pulling myself up to the second floor.

"This accomplished, I went into what remained of the boy's room, walked a sill across to the bed and an old metal covered trunk, because I knew the floor would not hold my weight. I looked in the closet and on the bed, but was about to give up the search when I happened to raise the lid of the trunk and saw the boy. Something gave way before I could get the boy out, and the next thing I knew I was in the basement astride the trunk. My first thought was to again try for the boy, but the trunk had turned over in the fall and the lid was down. In trying to turn it the heat of the metal covering blistered my hands a little, but I was able to get the boy and scrambled out a small window in the side of the basement.

"I then had the people empty my car while I treated the children to the best of my ability, then started them off to the doctor. After they had gone I went around the building to see if anything else was in danger, and then used by first-aid kit to relieve the pain in my hands and face. I guess I fainted, for the next thing I knew a man was working on me. In a little while I was able to proceed with my trip to Orange City and went on with my work."

SCOUTING IN THE SCHOOLS.

Chief Scout Executive James E. West sends the following message to all boy scouts in the schools of the country:

"A true scout is always on the alert for opportunities to be of service. In many schools scouts are in charge of the fire drills and first aid and safety-first training. They also conduct thorough school yard clean-ups, guard dangerous crossings and see that sanitary conditions are in force in and out of school buildings. Are you and your troop doing any of these things? If not, get busy. Talk it over with your scoutmaster and your teacher and see if there isn't something which you can do as a scout to help your school.

"Remember especially that scouting is what you make it. If you are a scout and careless in your personal appearance and heedless of regulations you are doing a great harm to the movement and not being a true scout no matter how proficient you are in signaling and fire building and the rest. Scouting goes all through, into every thing you do.

"I wish every first-class scout would determine to qualify for the merit badge in scholarship this year and make up his mind to get the most out of his books—by putting a lot in."

SCOUT CHILD FINDING SYSTEM.

Because of an epidemic of "lost children" in Bismarck, N. D., the boy scouts of that city have organized a "child finding" system. The scouts ask parents whose children are lost to have the city fire whistle sound three long blasts, and the scouts will respond to the call.

SCOUTS PILGRIMAGE ANNUALLY.

So successful was the first boy scout memorial pilgrimage to the grave of Theodore Roosevelt that it is planned to make this an annual event of great sentimental importance. The first pilgrimage party was confined to scouts of New York, Connecticut and part of New Jersey. Those to come, probably each Friday following Thanksgiving, will be participated in by honor scouts from all over the country.

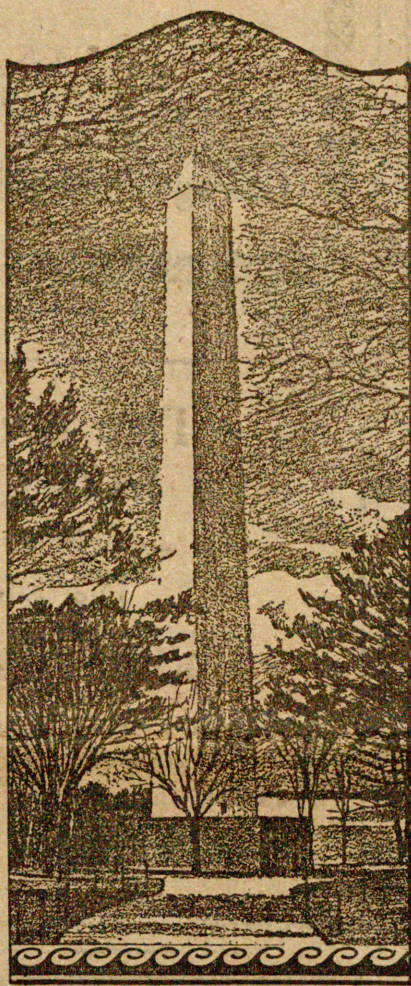
Washington Shaft Country's Tribute to Her Great Son

The two great monuments in the United States, of the many hundreds that have been erected in all parts of our country, are the Bunker Hill monument, in Boston, dedicated in 1843, a shaft to commemorate the beginning of our fight for independence, and the Washington monument, at Washington, erected to the memory of him who had been most instrumental in bringing about the result.

For 30 years after Washington's death the project was, every now and then, suggested, but nothing definite happened until September, 1833, when the Washington National Monument society was formed, with Chief Justice John Marshall, then 73 years old, as president. It was not until three years later that advertisements were inserted inviting designs from American artists.

An effort was made to secure the funds by popular subscription and by 1847 \$87,000 was in hand and preparation for construction was begun. Congress, by resolution, granted a site where the monument now stands and the cornerstone was laid on the Fourth of July, 1848, in the presence of the executive, legislative and judicial branches of the government, foreign ministers and officers and a vast concourse of citizens from all parts of the Union.

The work of erection progressed steadily until 1854, when the shaft had reached a height of 156 feet and had



Washington Monument, the City's Focusing Point, Is No Less a Proud Enigma Than the Sphinx, but of Greater Significance.

cost \$300,000. The treasury of the society now being exhausted, a memorial was presented to congress asking it to take action in the matter. Politics in the government prevented a ready response and it was not until 1859 that the society was given a formal charter.

The Washington monument was finally finished in the winter of 1884-85, and it was decided to dedicate it upon the anniversary of the birth of the man to whom it had been erected. Consequently, on February 22, 1885, there were impressive ceremonies at the national capital, when the monument was turned over to the nation.

The formal presentation of the monument was made at the base of the grand obelisk, but owing to the raw, cold weather that existed the dedication ceremonies proper took place in the hall of the house of representatives.

Lesson in Honors to Founders of Nation

It is always fitting that Washington's birthday should be made a special occasion for impressing on all just what his achievements and those of his associates who established the government of the United States and founded a nation really mean. While there has never been any lack of enthusiasm over the man who was first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen, it is well that the full significance of what clusters about the name and fame of Washington shall be set out beyond all peradventure.

It is not only the uninformed alien who falls to understand our debt to the past, so, despite the highly intelligent and intensive efforts of the public schools to deal with Washington as the great national hero, the extraordinary nature of the government of a people and by a people and for a people which his efforts set up cannot be too emphatically described, since we all tend to get rusty on historic facts, and altogether too many forget that blatant idealistic reformers the world over today are claiming as freshly discovered panaceas some of the simplest practices laid down by the forefathers in the Mayflower,



Washington's Inauguration as the First Chief Executive

George Washington was inaugurated first President of the United States April 30, 1789, in New York city, which at that time was the federal capital. During the ceremonies, the chancellor administered the oath with great deliberation and emphasis, after which Washington bowed down, seized the Bible, kissed it, and exclaimed with closed eyes and much devotion: "I swear, so help me God!" Thereupon the chancellor declared, "It is done," and turning to the crowd exclaimed: "Long live George Washington, President of the United States!" The last named declaration on the part of the chancellor was in imitation of monarchical custom. The error of this practice was, however, soon exposed and abandoned, but at the time the crowd thought of nothing but the exciting solemnity of the scene, and many who demonstratively waved their hats were too overcome by emotion to join in the buzzes.

again in 1776, and finally in the Constitution of 1787. That the forefathers, with Washington and Jefferson and Lee in the lead in the constructive period of the Revolution, proved to be practical men, as well as idealists believing in certain great principles that lie at the base of human freedom, and established human liberty under conditions that protected each from the other, obliterating class distinctions, is not the least thing to their credit.

As pulpit and platform draw the lessons from what the past affords in the way of men and principles as exemplars for all time, it will be the part of wisdom if the simple, undisputed facts as to what this great experiment did set out to do and has accomplished be brought home to all. For after all, it is the overwhelming actualities of a free government maintained by a free people that gives the luster to the name of Washington as the father and founder and justifies all that the most extravagant eulogy may pronounce as to his claims to an affectionate immortality.

His Fondness for Children.

While Washington had no children of his own, he was blessed with many nephews and nieces, who, looking up to him as the head of the family, received many favors from his hand. His sister Betty, Mrs. Fielding Lewis, had several boys, Washington, when nineteen, standing godfather to the eldest. Two of her boys, Howell and Lawrence, made their home with their famous uncle at Mount Vernon at different times. Another nephew, Bushrod, a son of Washington's brother, John Augustine, was an especial favorite. His career as a lawyer was helped by Washington, who followed it with the greatest pride and interest, and frequently consulted him on legal matters. The Mount Vernon mansion, its library and private papers and 4,000 acres were left to this nephew. Of his brother Samuel's children Washington helped educate the three boys, and gave their sister Harriet a home under his own roof for nine years.—H. A. Ogden in St. Nicholas.

Spirit That Won Freedom.

Let's try to learn, above everything else, how to fight, be beaten, fight again, and keep at it until at last we win.—George Washington.



Washington Monument in the City of Richmond, Virginia.

Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER
COPYRIGHT BY WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION
THE GUEST'S STORY.

"When I was out walking along the road this morning," said Mrs. Get-the-Most-Out-of-Life to the girl and boy who were going adventuring, "I said to myself:

"Shall I hurry to the village and get some meat for tomorrow? And then I decided I wouldn't. For we don't need meat for tomorrow, and it would be wasted; whereas, with other things it's different, as you know."

The boy and girl nodded their heads, though they didn't know much about food and which kind was more easily wasted than another. They knew about food mostly in a more pleasurable than housekeeping fashion.

"So I thought," continued Mrs. Get-the-Most-Out-of-Life, "that I would take a walk and see something new, perhaps. One doesn't always want everything the same. And then I saw Mrs. Wood Elf, here, having a breakfast party, and I stayed around when I heard her tell you that I was coming to explain something.

"She did say that, I believe, and she knew that I'd be glad to tell you why sometimes you can take your time and not miss anything, but rather, gain a lot.

"I'm Mrs. Wood Elf's guest, and the guest is going to tell her story:



"May I Have a Drink?"

"You see," Mrs. Get-the-Most-Out-of-Life continued, "I was a little timid at first. That is why I talked first to Mrs. Wood Elf—did you hear me? I'm sure you did. I do hope you don't think I was rude."

"Oh, no," said the girl.

"We are glad to meet you," said the boy, "for we want to meet everyone we can."

"I'll tell you a little family history," said Mrs. Get-the-Most-Out-of-Life. "By the way, Mrs. Wood Elf, may I have a drink of water? Have you any dew water left?"

"Just a little. I'll get it for you," said Mrs. Wood Elf.

"I hope," said Mrs. Get-the-Most-Out-of-Life, "that you won't mind a little history. There is nothing in it about kings or queens, and there are no dates to be remembered. It's a very delightful history."

"It sounds rather nice," said the girl.

"And like a quite new kind," said the boy.

"I was afraid that you wouldn't like my name. I was afraid it sounded a bit too preachy and fine—just as though I were going around and saying that I was such a splendid woman, I did everything the right way, and so got everything that was useful and beautiful and good.

"Well, that isn't what I mean you to think of me. I am named after my mother and father. My father greatly admired my mother and wanted me to be named after her. My mother admired my father and wanted me to be named after him. So they just named me after both of them."

"What were the names?" asked the boy.

"My father's name was Hurry and my mother's name was Take-Your-Time."

"But your name isn't made up of those names," said the girl.

"Oh, yes it is. You see, my father was always hurrying. He was a great creature for bustling and rushing and doing so much in such a short time.

"My mother, on the other hand, always took her time. She did things very carefully and very well and very thoroughly.

"My father did things very brilliantly and quickly, though sometimes they were done in rather a slap-dash fashion and sometimes my mother's ways were too slow.

"But my mother thought my father's quick, brilliant ways were wonderful, and my father thought my mother's careful, thorough ways were greatly to be envied.

"So I was named after both of them. And now I live up to my name. You see, in our family we're all like our names. It was the same with my grandfather—the oldest grandfather anyone has."

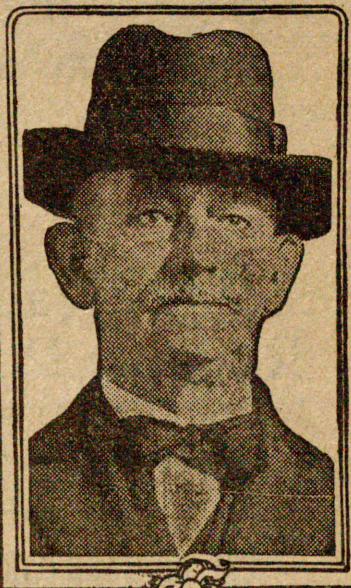
"Grandfather Time?" asked the boy.

"Right," said Mrs. Get-the-Most-Out-of-Life. "I take after both my parents. I don't want to hurry so fast that I miss everything I pass by. So I hurry and yet not so fast as to keep from enjoying things. I'm not conceited to say this as it is all because of my wonderful father and mother.

"They gave me these combined gifts."

WELL TO DO FARMER GAINED 20 POUNDS

H. W. Boring Says He Is In Better General Health Than He Has Been in Years Since Taking Tanlac.



H. W. BORING
of Overland Park, Kansas

"Since Tanlac has overcome my troubles I have gained twenty pounds in weight and am in better general health than for years past," was the straight-forward statement made a few days ago by H. W. Boring, a prominent and well-to-do farmer living at Overland Park, Kans.

"During the two years I suffered I tried everything I knew of to get relief, but nothing seemed to reach my case until I tried Tanlac. My appetite was poor and my digestion was so bad I could hardly retain my food. Nothing agreed with me; in fact I was almost a confirmed dyspeptic. My whole system seemed to be out of shape. I would have pains across the small of my back so bad at times I could hardly move around.

"My nerves were all unstrung and I would become up-set at the least little thing. I seldom slept well at night and, finally, became so weak and run-down that I lost weight rapidly. I was also troubled a great deal with catarrh and of mornings had to spend a half hour or more clearing up my head.

"This is just the condition I was in when I began taking Tanlac and it certainly has been a blessing to me. It just seemed to be made especially for my case. I improved from the very first. My digestion now is perfect and regardless of what I eat I never suffer any bad after effects.

"The pains across my back have entirely disappeared. The catarrh has left me, too, and my head is perfectly clear. I am no longer nervous and rest well every night. I have regained my lost weight and am feeling better and stronger than I have in years. I am going to keep Tanlac in my house so it will be handy at all times."

Tanlac is sold by leading druggists everywhere.—Adv.

ADVERTISING IN OLDEN DAYS

Collection in Pennsylvania Museum Shows It Was a Fine Art a Few Generations Ago.

Advertising was a fine art in Philadelphia when Dock street was a canal. The proof that the merchants and business men of those days were cognizant of the value of printer's ink is a large collection of billheads, cards, newspapers and other advertising media that has just been purchased by the Pennsylvania museum for display in Memorial hall.

In those days every business man of note used the columns of the newspapers. The front pages of the dailies of the time were devoted largely to advertising matter.

Virtually all of the business men also used elaborately decorated billheads, generally copper plate engravings. The custom was copied from England, although the Philadelphia printers often struck an original style.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Praise Where Due.

The good old minister naturally wished to speak well of all who had participated in the benefit concert, and, happily, could praise the efforts of most of the volunteer performers with sincerity and truth.

"And Miss Hightry?" some one asked, "Did she sing well?"

The old gentleman hesitated, then smiled beamingly.

"Miss Hightry's intentions were excellent—splendid—most to be admired!" he declared enthusiastically.

A Bit of Frost.

Mable—Did Percy propose to you in flowery language?

Martha—Yes, but I nipped it in the bud.

Men will do almost anything for money—some will even work.

IF There's Any Question

whether coffee causes
sleepless nights followed
by drowsy days—
change to

INSTANT POSTUM

This table drink is pure
and wholesome, has a flavor
that pleases, and is made
instantly in the cup.

You can make Instant
Postum strong or mild to
suit individual taste, there
is no waste, and whether
you need one cup or ten—
it's always ready.

"There's a Reason" for Postum

Made by Postum Cereal Company, Inc.
Battle Creek, Michigan.

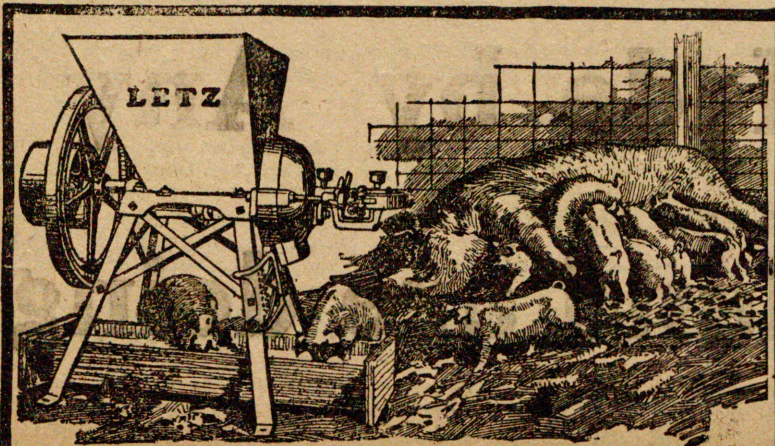


Leaky Radiators Should Receive Prompt Attention
We are prepped to do all kinds of radiator work on short notice at satisfactory prices.

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From sow to ground feed is the logical step for young pigs if they're going to thrive from the start. Pigs love corn. But when it's ground up with other grain like oats or barley, and concentrates, they like it better. Also, they thrive on it better, because it is ALL digested. 20% of all grain fed whole, remember, goes through undigested—a waste. Grind your feed with a

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America's Leading Feed Grinder

Grinds corn and cob, oats, rye, dry. Won't clog. Saves labor and barley—with roughage, or concentrates. Handles everything, wet or fuel. The fastest, finest cutting, most reliable grinding process known.

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A Good Hot Drink Goes Fine On A Cold Day

When in Tinley Park, stop in and try our **HOT DRINKS**.

We serve Hot Malted Milk, Beef Tea, Chocolate, Etc.

We carry a select line of fine Home Made Candy, strictly pure. Ice Cream and Soft Drinks. Cigars and Cigarettes

Cavallini and Company
TINLEY PARK, ILL.

IRISH WAR CONDEMNED

ENGLAND'S KING SAYS VIOLENCE CANNOT SETTLE QUARREL.

Britain's Ruler Urges Trade Pact With Soviet in Speech From Throne.

London, Feb. 16.—Violence will not solve the Irish problem, King George declared here in his speech from the throne to the two houses of parliament in formally opening the session.

One of the outstanding sections of his address referred to Ireland, the king saying:

"The situation in Ireland still causes me distress. A misguided section of the Irish people persists in resorting to methods of criminal violence with the object of establishing an independent republic."

"Neither Irish unity nor Irish self-government can be attained by this means."

The king's speech was brief, but touched on numerous vital questions confronting the government. At the outset it referred to the coming conference to be held in London and attended by the representatives of allied nations, Germany and Turkey.

"I earnestly trust," said King George, "that by this means further progress may be made in giving effect to treaties of peace in re-establishing concord in Europe and restoring tranquility in the near east."

King George expressed himself as favorably disposed toward a commercial treaty with soviet Russia, saying:

"It is my hope that negotiations for a trade agreement with Russia also be brought to a successful conclusion."

YEGGS MUST DON GAS MASKS

Michigan Bank Puts Mustard Gas in Vault and Two Safe-blowers Flee.

Pontiac, Mich., Feb. 16.—Two safe-blowers opened the vault in the Farmers and Merchants' bank at Utica, near here, but were driven back by a wave of mustard gas that had been placed in the vault. The men fled empty handed. A can of gas had been placed in the vault by officials in such a position that it was broken open when the door was forced.

RIVER IS CLEAR AT CLINTON

Ice Moves Out of Mississippi at Earliest Time in Memory of Pioneers.

Clinton, Iowa, Feb. 16.—The Mississippi river at Clinton is clear of ice. The field moved out Monday afternoon, the earliest in the memory of local river men.

Killed Playing at Movies.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Feb. 16.—While making up to enact a bandit scene which they had witnessed at a motion picture show, Lee Ipsom, fifteen years old, was shot and killed by his brother, Samuel, aged twelve at the family home at Willard, ten miles north of here.

THE WEATHER

Grain, Provisions, Etc.

Chicago, Feb. 16, 1921.				
Wheat—	Open-	High-	Low-	Close-
March	1.10-1.09	1.10	1.07	1.09
May	1.08-1.07	1.08	1.05	1.07
Corn—				
March	.65	.65	.64	.65
May	.70-1/2	.70	.68	.70
July	.72-1/2	.72	.70	.72
Oats—				
May	.45-1/2	.45	.44	.45
July	.46-1/2	.46	.45	.46
Rye—				
May	1.43-1/2	1.44	1.42	1.43
July	1.52-1/2	1.52	1.50	1.52

FLOUR—Hard spring, wheat—Short patent, \$9.00@9.75; first clear, \$7.50@7.75; second clear, \$6.50@6.75; special mill brands, in 98-lb. cotton sacks, \$3.25@3.50; warehouse delivery, \$3.75@4.00. Soft winter wheat—Short patent, \$9.75@10.00. Hard winter wheat, short patent, \$9.00@9.25; first clear, \$7.50@7.75. Rye flour—White patent, \$3.25@3.50; dark, \$2.95@3.25.

HAY—No. 1 timothy, \$23.00@24.00; standard and No. 1 light clover, mixed, \$21.00@22.00; No. 2 timothy and No. 1 clover, mixed, \$19.00@20.00; No. 3 timothy, \$16.00@18.00.

BUTTER—Creamery extras, \$2 score, 45c; higher scoring commands a premium: firsts, \$1 score, 40c; 88-90 score, 36@41; seconds, \$3-87 score, 25@35c; centralized, 44c; ladies, 22@24c; packing stock 14@18c. Price to retail trade: Extra tubs, 48c; prime, 50c.

EGGS—Fresh firsts, 33@34c; ordinary firsts, 30@31c; miscellaneous lots, 32@33c; extras, packed in white wood cases, 40@43c; checks, 20@30c; dirties, 20@31c.

LIVE POULTRY—Turkeys, 43c; fowls, 31c; spring chickens, 29c; roosters, 28c; ducks, 30c; geese, 40c.

DRESSED POULTRY—Turkeys, 54@55c; fowls, 32c; spring chickens, 28c; roosters, 20@21c; ducks, 38c; geese, 38c.

POTATOES—Sacked and bulk, 100 lbs. northern, round, white, \$1.90@2.15.

ONIONS—5c@1.25 per sack.

CATTLE—Prime steers, \$8.50@10.25; good to choice steers, \$7.85@9; fair to good, \$6.25@7.50; yearlings, fair to choice, \$7.00@9.25; heifers, \$5.00@8.00; cows, good to choice, \$5.00@6.25; fair to good, cows, \$4.50@5.00; canners, \$2.50@3.00; cutters, \$3.00@4.25; bo-logna bulls, \$4.00@5.00; veal calves, \$10.00@11.50.

HOGS—Choice light butchers, \$9.90@10.25; medium weight butchers, \$9.50@10.00; fair to fancy light, \$8.40@10.25; heavy butchers, 27-35 lbs., \$8.90@9.25; heavy packing, \$8.20@9.00; rough packing, \$7.75@10.25; pigs, \$8.50@10.25.

LAMBS—Native lambs, \$6.00@8.00; fed western lambs, \$7.00@8.75; Colorado lambs, \$8.00@8.25; feeding lambs, \$4.75@7.50; wethers, \$4.50@5.00; yearlings, \$5.10@6.25; ewes, \$3.00@4.50.

Buffalo, N. Y., Feb. 15.
CATTLE—Receipts, 150; steers, 15c; calves, 15c; sheep, 15c.
HOGS—Receipts, 3,200; strong to 25c higher; heavy, \$9.00@10.50; mixed, \$10.75@11.25; yorkers, \$11.50@11.75; light and dark pigs, \$11.50; roughs, \$7.50; stags, \$5.00.
SHEEP AND LAMBS—Receipts, 1,400; sheep active; lambs slow and unchanged.

Wonderful New Coal Oil Light

Burns Vapor Saves Oil



Costs You Nothing

to have this wonderful new Aladdin coal oil (kerosene) mantle lamp demonstrated right in your own home. You don't need to pay us a cent unless you are perfectly satisfied and agree that it is the best oil lamp you ever saw.

Twice the Light On Half the Oil

Recent tests by the Government and noted scientists at 35 leading Universities prove the Aladdin gives more than twice the light and burns less than half as much oil as the best round wick, open flame lamps on the market. Thus the Aladdin will pay for itself many times over in oil saved, to say nothing of the increased quantity and quality of pure white light it produces. A style for every need.

\$1000.00 Will Be Given

by the Mantle Lamp Company—the largest Coal Oil (kerosene) mantle lamp house in the world—to any person who shows them an oil lamp equal to the Aladdin. Would they dare invite such comparison with all other lights if there were any doubt about the superiority of the Aladdin?

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it is only a trophy, a symbol and may

carry with it no satisfaction; indeed,

it does not carry with it genuine, last-

ing satisfaction unless won and em-

ployed fairly, honestly, honorably.

Ozark's Truthful James.

There may be some new-fangled

method of achieving success that looks

good for a time, but we don't believe

any man has ever improved on the

old formula of hard work and honesty.

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Shorts 170 bag \$31 per ton.

Cotton Seed Meal 220 bag \$42 per ton.

Linseed Oil Meal \$2.70 bag and other feeds all at right prices.

KING OF MINNESOTA FLOUR
\$2.65 PER BAG \$10.60 PER BARREL

Navy Beans 8c pound

Oil Sardines 8c

Rollod Oats 5c pound

Fancy Rice 8c pound

Mustard Sardines 12 1-2c

Peas 8c pound

Canned Corn 12 1-2 - 15 and 18c can

Canned Peas 12 1-2 - 15 and 18c can

Salmon 18 and 25c can

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